

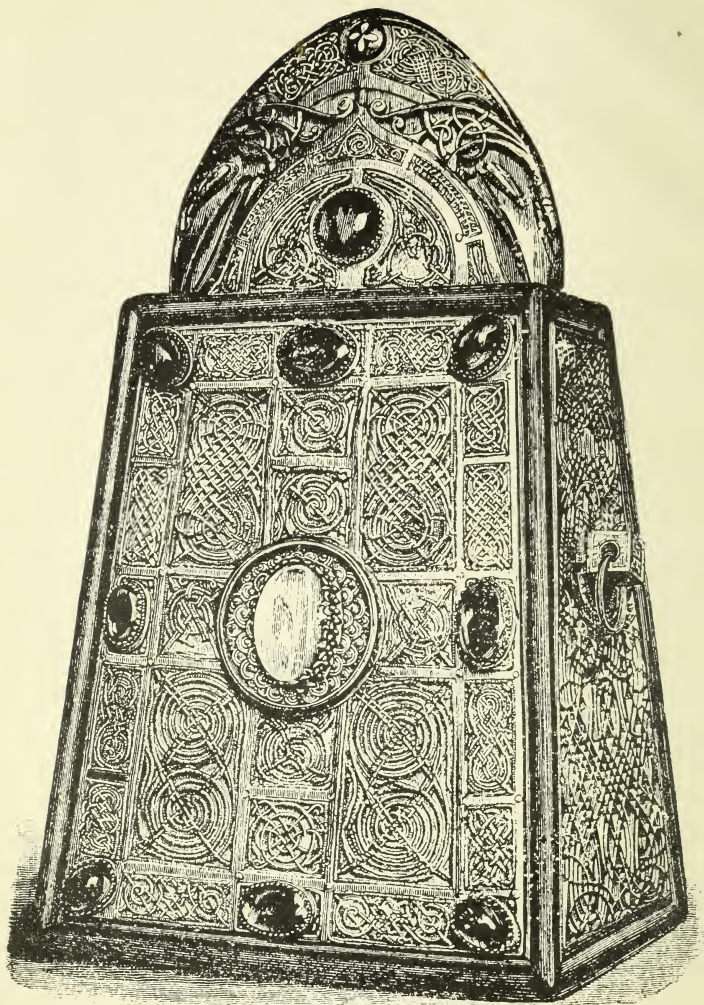
A Ballad History
of Ireland

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A BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND

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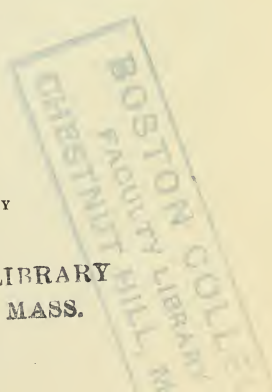
BY

REV. JOHN MACHALE

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FOREWORD

It seems to be a truism that people of Irish race and name should have a sympathy with and some knowledge of the history of their ancestral land—of its glories and joys and sorrows: and I put forth this unpretentious little book in the hope that it may stimulate an interest in a history which is well worth knowing. Besides, the ballads being all of good literary quality, and suitable therefore for reading and declamation exercises, even apart from their historical worth, are calculated to help in the formation of a literary style and the cultivation of a literary taste.

I might easily have made the book much larger than it is; but I have striven purposely to keep it within a fixed limit. As to the selection of ballads, I have chosen those which most appealed to myself from the material at my disposal.

This little book makes no pretension to be in any strict sense a history of Ireland. It is simply a presentation in poetical form of some main incidents of Irish history arranged in chronological sequence. But I think it is perhaps the best way to impress upon youthful minds the main features of a history which in detail has always appeared to me difficult; perhaps because when I first began to make its acquaintance, the text-book that was put into my hands was overcrowded with names and incidents. That seems to

be a defect of most so-called popular histories of Ireland; the one exception being Sullivan's *Story of Ireland*, which is written in a fascinating style. Although it touches only the main points, it extends to some 600 solid pages, which in itself is enough to deter a timid reader from undertaking its perusal. It seems to me that a well-written ballad giving a vivid description of some thrilling incident impresses itself upon the mind much as a picture does; and as anyone studying, say, the pictorial representation of the Stations of the Cross cannot help realizing the sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion and Death, or any one studying, say, the famous series of the French artist Le Sueur on the life of St. Bruno cannot help being familiar with the main features of that holy man's life; so any one reading carefully these ballad poems, cannot but have a good general idea of the course of Irish history.

John MacHale.

A Ballad History of Ireland

We are told in the history of ancient Greece that the Spartans, being at war with the Messenians and not having of their own a capable general, asked the Athenians to lend them the services of a commander. The Athenians agreed to help them, but to the great disgust of the Spartans sent a lame poet named Tyrtaeus. He, however, by his battle songs so aroused the martial ardour of his soldiers that they carried all before them. And indeed, from the rude war song of the savage to the most perfect of national anthems, there is something in song that goes down to the very depths of our nature and stirs up the most ardent enthusiasm. If you have ever heard the Marseillaise, or the Wacht am Rhein, or the Rantz des Vaches, or God Save Ireland, or the Star Spangled Banner sung by a multitude to whom the sentiment appealed, you can realize the wonderful power of music and song over the minds and hearts of men.

The canny old Scotchman, Fletcher, of Saltoun, knew this truth so well that he gave utterance to the aphorism: "Give me the making of a nation's songs and I care not who makes her laws."

If every nation has its bards and chroniclers, there is no nation in which the bard held higher place than Ireland, and in which the tones of the harp and the fiery words of song narrated the great doings of the past and spurred men on to emulate the glorious deeds of their ancestry. The bard, after the chieftain, was

held in highest esteem ; the Arch-bard Dubtach was the most influential convert of St. Patrick at Tara ; and when in after days the bardic order had fallen into disrepute and was about to be disbanded forever, St. Columba, of Iona, who was a poet himself, was so persuaded of its usefulness that he pleaded successfully at the Synod of Drumceat for its preservation. When the Anglo-Normans, who invaded Ireland under Earl Strongbow in the reign of Henry II., of England, became in time more Irish than the Irish themselves, each great chieftain had his bard as in the olden times ; and when all that was Irish was banned by penal laws, still the wandering poet or harper was a most welcome visitor to the impoverished homes of gentle and simple. No wonder, then, that when the era of penal law was passing away the sweet voice of the singer was again everywhere heard, oftentimes in the grand old tongue of the Celt, but still more frequently in the tongue of the stranger which, during the centuries of conflict, had fastened itself upon Erin for weal or for woe.

The history of Ireland is a wonderful blending of lights and shadows, of glories and sorrows, of battles lost and battles won, of great works achieved and great afflictions borne for God, for country and for fellow men. Not a phase of this history but has been lovingly depicted by the modern bard ; and the object of this ballad history is to stimulate interest in the history of what for many of us is our ancestral land, by putting before us in ringing verse a glowing picture of many chief events of by-gone days in a fairly chronological order, and so giving in a most pleasing

way a good idea of the course of Irish history. I may add that by a ballad I mean a short narrative poem made to be either recited or sung.

And, first, as to the geographical position of Ireland, you all know that it lies to the west of Great Britain, on the highway from Europe to America. It is a very beautiful island with glorious hills and delightful valleys, and owing to the constant moisture the grass of Ireland is always so green that the country is frequently and very justly called the Emerald Island. It lies between 51 and 56 degrees north latitude, and 5 and 11 degrees west longitude, and comprises about 32,500 square miles. Heremon, who was the high king and ruled from Tara in Meath, divided the rest of Ireland into Ulster in the north, Connaught in the west, Munster in the south and Leinster in the east, and appointed kings for each province.

ERIN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
 God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good;
 The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
 In the ring of the world, the most precious stone.
 In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
 With her back towards Britain, her face to the West
 Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
 And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar,

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
 The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
 At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
 And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.

O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
When religion was war, and our country a crime,
When man, in God's image, inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.
When with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
Church and state joined in compact to conquer the
whole;

And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood
Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefather's grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one foot-stalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to
green;

Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them
live,

Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!

And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
 With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.
 Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave;
 But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
 Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to the blest,
 Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

—*Dr. Drennan.*

There is much of fanciful legend mixed up with the story of the original settlement of Ireland, although there is no nation of modern times whose authentic records reach so far back into the past. Partholanians, Nemedians, Firbolgs, Tuatha-de-Danaans and Milesians are said to have contributed in succession to the population of Ireland. The people of Ireland are in the main of Celtic blood, akin to the French, Spaniards, Welsh and Scotch. They are called Milesians from Milesius, supposed to have been king of a portion of the present Spain, whose wife, Queen Scota, came to Ireland with her sons, the chief of whom were Heber, Heremon and Amergin, who was a poet. The Celts and their advent to Ireland are thus described:

THE CELTS.

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
 Of twice a thousand years,
 In Erin old, there dwelt a mighty race,
 Taller than Roman spears;
 Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
 Were fleet as deers,
 With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
 These western shepherd seers.

Their Ocean-God was Man-a-nan, M'lr,
 Whose angry lips,
 In their white foam, full often would inter
 Whole fleets of ships;
 Cromah, their Day-God, and their Thunderer
 Made morning and eclipse;
 Bride was their queen of song, and unto her
 They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports:

With clay and stone
 They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,
 Not yet o'erthrown;
 On cairn-crown'd hills they held their council-courts;
 While youths alone,
 With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
 And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
 Whose ancient song
 Over the clamour of all change is heard,
 Sweet-voic'd and strong.
 Fin once o'ertook Grania the golden-hair'd,
 The fleet and young;
 From her the lovely, and from him the fear'd,
 The primal poet sprung.

Ossian, two thousand years of mist and change
 Surround thy name—
 Thy Fenian heroes now no longer range
 The hills of fame.
 The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange—
 Yet thine the same—
 By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—
 Remains, and shall remain.

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
 We scarce can trace.
 There is not left an undisputed deed
 Of all your race,
 Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,
 And strength and grace;
 In that sole song, they live and love, and bleed—
 It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspired giant; shall we e'er behold,
 In our time,
 One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
 Or seize your rhyme?
 One pupil of the past, as mighty soul'd
 As in the prime,
 Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
 They, of your song sublime!
—T. D. M'Gee.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
 And now o'er the western main
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 "Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
 Our destin'd home or grave?"
 Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
 They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light through the wave was seen,
 "'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea;

While bending to heaven the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As light'd up sea and sky,
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

—*T. Moore.*

As Romulus and Remus quarreled fatally over the founding of Rome, so did the sons of Scots over the division of Ireland. Heber fell in battle, slain by the sword of Heremon.

PECCATUM PECCAUIT.

Where is thy brother? Heremon, speak!
Heber, the son of Milesius, where?
The orphans' wail and their mother's shriek
Forever they ring upon Banba's * air!
And whose, oh, whose was the sword, Heremon,
That smote Amergin, thy brother and bard?
'Twas the Fate of thy house or a mocking Demon
That raised thy hand o'er his forehead scarr'd!

Woe, woe to Banba! That blood of brothers
Wells up from her bosom renew'd each year;
'Twas hers the shriek—that desolate mother's:—
'Twas Banba wept o'er that first red bier!
The priest has warn'd, and the bard lamented:
But warning and wailing her sons despised;
The head was sage, and the heart half-sainted;
But the sword-hand was evermore unbaptized!

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

* Name for Ireland.

Connor Mac Nessa, a scion of Milesian stock, ruled over the kingdom of Ulster in the days of our Blessed Lord. He is celebrated in Irish history for his connection with the sad fate of the children of Usnach, which is the theme of one of the most romantic and saddest of Irish legends. A beautiful girl, named Deirdre, whose birth, it was said, portended great injury to Ulster, was kept in strict seclusion by King Connor, who intended her as his own bride. The first man she ever saw was a noble and handsome youth named Naisi. Love, ill-fated, sprang up between them. With his two brothers they fled to Scotland and were happy for a time, but were lured back to Ireland by King Connor and Naisi and his brothers were foully murdered by the forces of the King after a heroic defence by their friends. The following ballad is the lament of the widowed Deirdre for her husband and his brothers, the ill-fated sons of Usnach:

DEIRDRE'S LAMENT FOR THE SONS OF USNACH.

The lions of the hill are gone
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping;

Dig the grave, and make it ready ;
Lay me on my true love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright ;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore ;
Many a time the noble three
Redden'd these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet ;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

In the falcon's jesses throw
Hook and arrow, line and bow ;
Never again by stream or plain
Shall the gentle woodsmen go.

Sweet companions ye were ever—
Harsh to me, your sister, never ;
Woods and wilds and misty valleys
Were, with you, as good's a palace.

Oh! to hear my true love singing,
Sweet as sound of trumpets ringing ;
Like the sway of ocean swelling
Roll'd his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh! to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling,
When the three, with soaring chorus,
Pass'd the silent skylark o'er us.

Echo, now sleep, morn and even—
 Lark alone enchant the heaven!—
 Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
 Neesa's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
 Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
 Heron, in the free air warm ye—
 Usnach's sons no more will harm ye!

Erin's stay no more you are,
 Rulers of the ridge of war;
 Never more 'twill be your fate
 To keep the beam of battle straight!

Woe to me! by fraud and wrong,
 Traitors false and tyrants strong,
 Fell Clan Usnach, bought and sold,
 For Barach's feast and Connor's gold.

Woe to Eman, roof and wall!—
 Woe to Red Branch, hearth and hall!—
 Tenfold woe and black dishonor
 To the foul and false Clan Connor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
 Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
 Dig the grave and make it ready,
 Lay me on my true love's body.

—*Samuel Ferguson.*

But Connor Mac Nessa has a better fame, which is also the subject of one of the old Irish bardic legends. On the day of the Crucifixion of Our Lord, the awful darkness, the disturbance of the elements, the walking

of the dead, were not confined to Jerusalem. According to the legend, Ireland had similar conditions and King Connor was seriously disturbed. He consulted his Druid as to the reason and he was told of the life and death of our Saviour. Connor was so angry at the ingratitude and perversity of the Jews that he worked himself into a frenzy; the excitement forced the brain-ball that for years had been lodged in his head from its place and Connor fell down to die. The following ballad by T. D. Sullivan tells the thrilling tale:

THE DEATH OF KING CONNOR MAC NESSA.

'Twas a day full of sorrow for Ulster when Connor
 Mac Nessa went forth
 To punish the clansmen of Connaught who dared to
 take spoil from the North;
 For his men brought him back from the battle scarce
 better than one that was dead,
 With the brain-ball of Mesgedra buried two-thirds of
 its depth in his head.
 His royal physician bent o'er him, great Fingen who
 often before
 Staunched the war-battered bodies of heroes and built
 them for battle once more,
 And he looked at the wound of the monarch, and
 heark'd to his low-breathed sighs,
 And he said, "In the day when that missile is loosed
 from his forehead he dies.

"Yet long midst the people who love him King Connor
 Mac Nessa may reign,
 If always the high pulse of passion be kept from his
 heart and his brain;

And for this I lay down his restrictions : no more from
 this day shall his place
 Be with armies, in battles, or hostings, or leading the
 van of the chase ;
 At night, when the banquet is flashing, his measure of
 wine must be small,
 And take care that the bright eyes of woman be kept
 from his sight above all ;
 For if heart-thrilling joyance or anger awhile o'er his
 being have power,
 The ball will start forth from his forehead, and surely
 he dies in that hour."

O! woe for the valiant King Connor, struck down
 from the summit of life,
 While glory unclouded shone round him, and regal
 enjoyment was rife—
 Shut out from his toils and his duties, condemned to
 ignoble repose,
 No longer to friends a true helper, no longer a scourge
 to his foes!
 He, the strong-handed smiter of champions, the piercer
 of armor and shields,
 The foremost in earth-shaking onsets, the last out of
 blood-sodden fields—
 The mildest, the kindest, the gayest, when revels ran
 high in his hall—
 Oh, well might his true-hearted people feel gloomy
 and sad for his fall!

'The princes, the chieftains, the nobles, who met to
 consult at his board,
 Whispered low when their talk was of combats, and
 wielding the spear and the sword ;
 The bards from their harps feared to waken the full-
 pealing sweetness of song,

To give homage to valor or beauty, or praise to the
 wise and the strong;
 The flash of no joy-giving story made cheers or gay
 laughter resound,
 Amidst silence constrained and unwonted the seldom-
 filled wine cup went round;
 And, sadder to all who remembered the glories and
 joys that had been,
 The heart-swaying presence of women not once shed
 its light on the scene.

He knew it, he felt it, and sorrow sunk daily more deep
 in his heart;
 He wearied of doleful inaction, from all his loved labors
 apart.
 He sat at his door in the sunlight, sore grieving and
 weeping to see
 The life and the motion around him, and nothing so
 stricken as he.
 Above him the eagle went wheeling, before him the
 deer galloped by,
 And the quick-legged rabbits went skipping from green
 glades and burrows a-nigh.
 The song-birds sang out from the copses, the bees
 passed on musical wing,
 And all things were happy and busy, save Connor
 Mac Nessa the King!

So years passed over, when, sitting midst silence like
 that of a tomb,
 A terror crept through him as sudden the moonlight
 was blackened with gloom.
 One red flare of lightning blazed brightly, illuming the
 landscape around,
 One thunder peal roared through the mountains, and
 rumbled and crashed underground;

He heard the rocks bursting asunder, the trees tearing
up by the roots,
And loud through the horrid confusion the howling of
terrified brutes,
From the halls of his tottering palace came screamings
of terror and pain,
And he saw crowding thickly around him the ghosts
of the foes he had slain!

And as soon as the sudden commotion that shuddered
through nature had ceased,
The king sent for Barach, his druid, and said: "Tell
me, truly, O priest,
What magical arts have created this scene of wild
horror and dread?
What has blotted the blue sky above us, and shaken
the earth that we tread?
Are the gods that we worship offended? what crime or
what wrong has been done?
Has the fault been committed in Erin, and how may
their favor be won?
What rites may avail to appease them? what gifts on
their altars should smoke?
Only say, and the offering demanded we lay by your
consecrate oak!"

"O King," said the white-bearded druid, "the truth
unto me has been shown.
There lives but one God, the Eternal; far up in high
Heaven is His throne.
He looked upon men with compassion, and sent from
His kingdom of light,
His son, in the shape of a mortal, to teach them and
guide them aright.
Near the time of your birth, O King Connor, the Sav-
iour of mankind was born,

And since then in a kingdom far eastward He taught,
 toiled and prayed, till this morn,
 Then wicked men seized Him, fast bound Him with
 nails to a cross, lanced His side.
 And that moment of gloom and confusion was earth's
 cry of dread when He died.

"O King, He was gracious and gentle, His heart was
 all pity and love,
 And for men He was ever beseeching the grace of
 His Father above;
 He helped them, He healed them, He blessed them,
 He labored that all might attain
 To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where never
 comes sorrow or pain;
 But they rose in their pride and their folly, their hearts
 filled with merciless rage,
 That only the sight of His life-blood fast poured from
 His heart could assuage;
 Yet while on the cross-beam uplifted, His body racked,
 tortured, and riven,
 He prayed—not for justice or vengeance, but asked
 that His foes be forgiven."

With a bound from his seat rose King Connor, the red
 flush of rage on his face,
 Fast he ran through the hall for his weapons, and
 snatching his sword from its place,
 He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs that
 dropped down with each blow.
 And he cried: "Were I midst the vile rabble, I'd cleave
 them to earth even so!
 With the strokes of a high king of Erin, the swirls
 of my keen-tempered sword,
 I would save from their horrible fury that mild and
 that merciful Lord!"

His frame shook and heaved with emotion; the brain-
ball leaped forth from his head,
And commending his soul to that Saviour, King Con-
nor Mac Nessa fell dead.

—*T. D. Sullivan.*

Perhaps the most famous of the Milesian Kings was Cormac Mac Art—warrior, law-giver and scholar. Living in the third century of our era, he had, it is said, learned something of Christian faith, and when dying gave orders that he should not be buried with his pagan ancestors and with pagan rites in the old graveyard at Brugh, but at a place called Ross-na-ree. His will was carried out by a wonderful interposition of Providence, despite the efforts of chieftains and clansmen to the contrary.

THE BURIAL OF KING CORMAC.

“Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,”
Said Cormac, “are but carven treene;
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been.

“But he who made the tree to grow,
And hid in earth the iron-stone,
And made the man with mind to know
The axe’s use, is God alone.”

Anon to priests of Crom was brought—
Where, girded in their service dread,
They minister’d on red Moy Slaught—
Word of the words King Cormac said.

They loosed their curse against the king ;
They cursed him in his flesh and bones ;
And daily in their mystic ring
They turn'd the maledictive stones,

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,
Amid the revel and the wine,
He choked upon the food he ate,
At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

High vaunted then the priestly throng,
And far and wide they noised abroad
With trump and loud liturgic song
The praise of their avenging God.

But ere the voice was wholly spent
That priest and prince should still obey,
To awed attendants o'er him bent
Great Cormac gather'd breath to say,—

“Spread not the beds of Brugh for me—
When restless death-bed's use is done ;
But bury me at Ross-na-ree
And face me to the rising sun.

“For all the kings who lie in Brugh
Put trust in gods of wood and stone ;
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew
One, Unseen, who is God alone.

“His glory lightens from the east ;
His message soon shall reach our shore ;
And idol-god, and cursing priest
Shall plague us from Moy Slaughter no more.”

Dead Cormac on his bier they laid : —

“He reigned a king for forty years,
And shame it were,” his captains said,

“He lay not with his royal peers.

“His grandsire, Hundred-Battle, sleeps
Serene in Brugh ; and, all around,
Dead kings in stone sepulchral keeps
Protect the sacred burial-ground.

“What though a dying man should rave
Of changes o’er the eastern sea?
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,
And not in noteless Ross-na-ree.”

Then northward forth they bore the bier,
And down from Sletty side they drew,
With horseman and with charioteer,
To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh.

There came a breath of finer air
That touched the Boyne with ruffling winds,
It stirr’d him in his sedgy lair
And in his mossy moorland springs.

And as the burial train came down
With dirge and savage dolorous shows,
Across their pathway, broad and brown
The deep, full-hearted river rose ;

From bank to bank through all his fords,
’Neath blackening squalls he swell’d and boiled ;
And thrice the wondering gentile lords
Essay’d to cross, and thrice recoil’d.

Then forth stepp'd gray-hair'd warriors four:
They said, "Through angrier floods than these,
On linked shields once our king we bore
From Dread-Spear and the hosts of Deece."

"And long as loyal will holds good,
And limbs respond with helpful thews,
Nor flood, nor fiend within the flood,
Shall bar him of his burial dues."

With slanted necks they stoop'd to lift;
They heaved him up to neck and chin;
And, pair and pair, with footsteps swift,
Lock'd arm and shoulder, bore him in.

'Twas brave to see them leave the shore;
To mark the deep'ning surges rise,
And fall subdued in foam before
The tension of their striding thighs.

'Twas brave, when now a spear-cast out,
Breast-high the battling surges ran;
For weight was great, and limbs were stout,
And loyal man put trust in man.

But ere they reach'd the middle deep,
Nor steadying weight of clay they bore,
Nor strain of sinewy limbs could keep
Their feet beneath the swerving four.

And now they slide and now they swim,
And now, amid the blackening squall,
Gray locks afloat, with clutchings grim,
They plunge around the floating pall.

While, as a youth with practised spear
 Through jostling crowds bears off the ring,
 Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier
 And proudly bore away the king.

At morning, on the grassy marge
 Of Ross-na-ree, the corpse was found,
 And shepherds at their early charge
 Entomb'd it in the peaceful ground.

A tranquil spot; a hopeful sound
 Comes from the ever-youthful stream,
 And still on daisied mead and mound
 The dawn delays with tenderer beam.

Round Cormac Spring renews her buds;
 In march perpetual by his side,
 Down come the earth-fresh April floods,
 And up the sea-fresh salmon glide;

And life and time rejoicing run
 From age to age their wonted way;
 But still he waits the risen Sun,
 For still 'tis only dawning Day.

—*Samuel Ferguson.*

The warrior Kings of Ireland were not always satisfied with the opportunities for the exercise of valor or heroism that fell to them within the compass of Ireland. Many a raid did they make into neighboring countries, penetrating even through Gaul to Switzerland and Italy in search of adventure and plunder. The last King of Pagan Ireland was Dathy, who, with his

army, penetrated as far as the Alps and was there killed by a lightning flash in the year of our Lord 428.

THE EXPEDITION AND DEATH OF KING DATHY.

(FROM THE IRISH.)

King Dathy assembled his Druids and sages,
And thus he spake them—"Druids and sages!

What of King Dathy?

What is revealed in Destiny's pages

Of him or his? Hath he

Aught for the Future to dread or to dree?

Good to rejoice in, or evil to flee?

Is he the foe of the Gall—

Fitted to conquer, or fated to fall?"

And Beirdra, the Druid, made answer as thus:—

A priest of a hundred years was he—

"Dathy! thy fate is not hidden from us!

Hear it through me!

Thou shalt work thine own will!

Thou shalt slay—thou shalt prey—

And be conqueror still!

"Thee the earth shall not harm!

Thee we charter and charm

From all evil and ill!

Thee the laurel shall crown!

Thee the wave shall not drown!

Thee the chain shall not bind!

Thee the spear shall not find!

Thee the sword shall not slay!

Thee the shaft shall not pierce!

Thou, therefore, be fearless and fierce,

BALLAD HISTORY OF IRELAND 27

And sail with thy warriors away
To the lands of the Gall,
There to slaughter and sway,
And be victor o'er all!"

So Dathy he sailed away, away,
Over the deep resounding sea,
Sailed with his hosts in armour grey
Over the deep resounding sea,
Many a night and many a day,
And many an islet conquered he—
He and his hosts in armour grey.
And the billow drowned him not,
And the blue spear found him not,
And a fetter bound him not,
And the red sword slew him not,
And the swift shaft knew him not,
And the foe o'erthrew him not.
Till one bright morn, at the base
Of the Alps, in rich Ausonia's regions,
His men stood marshalled face to face
With the mighty Roman legions.
Noble foes!
Christian and Heathen stood there among those,
Resolute all to overcome,
Or die for the Eagles of Ancient Rome!

When behold! from a temple anear
Came forth an aged priest-like man,
Of a countenance meek and clear,
Who, turning to Eire's Ceann,
Spake him as thus, "King Dathy! hear!
Thee would I warn!
Retreat! retire! repent in time
The invader's crime,
Or better for thee thou hadst never been born!"

But Dathy replied, "False Nazarene!
 Dost thou, then, menace Dathy, thou?
 And dreamest thou that he will bow
 To one unknown, to one so mean,
 So powerless as a priest must be?
 He scorns alike thy threats and thee!
 On! on! my men, to victory!"

And, with loud shouts for Eire's King,
 The Irish rush to meet the foe,
 And falchions clash and bucklers ring,—
 When, lo!
 Lo, a mighty earthquake's shock!
 And the cleft plains reel and rock;
 Clouds of darkness pall the skies;
 Thunder clashes,
 Lightning flashes,
 And in an instant Dathy lies
 On the earth a mass of blackened ashes!
 Then mournfully, and dolefully,
 The Irish warriors sailed away
 Over the deep resounding sea,
 Till, wearily and mournfully,
 They anchored in Eblana's Bay.
 Thus the Seanachies and Sages
 Tell this tale of long-gone ages.

—James Clarence Mangan. .

The Irish historian, Haverty, tells us that it was in such a descent, by probably the last of Dathy's predecessors, Niall of the Nine Hostages, upon Armoric Gaul, that "the blessed youth, Patrick, son of Calphurn, was, together with his sisters, Darerca and Lupita, first carried among other captives to Ireland." Sold as a

slave to Milcho, he spent seven years as a herdsman in Antrim. Returning to Gaul he fitted himself for the sacred ministry and then received from Pope Celestine a commission to return and preach the faith to the Irish. His success was marvelous, miraculous; the entire nation was converted and became a model of sanctity and a school of learning. The years of his bondage, his escape and his clerical training form the subject of a ballad by T. D. Magee, and his meeting with King Laeghaire and his nobles at Tara and the inception of his work as Ireland's Apostle are described by Aubrey de Vere.

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

Seven weary years in bondage the young Saint Patrick
 pass'd,
 Till the sudden hope came to him to break his bonds
 at last;
 On the Antrim hills reposing with the North star
 overhead
 As the grey dawn was disclosing, "I trust in God,"
 he said—
 "My sheep will find a shepherd and my master find a
 slave,
 But my mother has no other hope but me this side
 the grave."

Then girding close his mantle, and grasping fast his
 wand,
 He sought the open ocean through by-ways of the land.
 The berries from the hedges on his solitary way,
 And the cresses from the waters were his only food
 by day.

The cold stone was his pillow, and the hard heath was
his bed,
Till looking from Benbulbin, he saw the sea outspread.

He saw that ancient Ocean, unfathomed and unbound,
That breaks on Erin's beaches with so sorrowful a
sound.

There lay a ship at Sligo bound up the Median sea,
"God save you, master mariner, will you give berth
to me?"

I have no gold to pay thee, but Christ will pay thee yet."
Loud laughed that foolish mariner, "Nay, Nay, He
might forget!"

"Forget! oh, not a favor done to the humblest one
Of all his human kindred, can 'scape th' Eternal Son!"
In vain the Christian pleaded, the willing sail was
spread,

His voice no more was heeded than the seabirds over-
head—

And as the vision faded, the ship against the sky,
On the briny rocks the captive prayed to God to let
him die.

But God, whose ear is open to catch the sparrow's fall,
At the sobbing of his servant frowned along the waters
all—

The billows rose in wonder and smote the churlish
crew,

And around the ship the thunder like battle-arrows
flew;

The screaming sea-fowl's clangor, in Kish-corran's in-
ner caves,

Was hushed before the anger of the tempest-trodden
waves.

Like an eagle-hunted gannet, the ship drove back
 amain,
 To where the Christian captive sat in solitude and
 pain—

“Come in,” they cried, “oh Christian, we need your
 company,

For it was sure your angry God that met us out at sea.”
 Then smiled the gentle heavens, and doffed their sable
 veil,

Then sank to rest the breakers and died away the gale.

So sitting by the Pilot the happy captive kept
 On his rosary a reck’ning, while the seamen sung or
 slept.

Before the winds propitious past Achill, south by Ara,
 The good ship gliding left behind Hiar-Connaught like
 an arrow—

From the southern brow of Erin they shoot the shore
 of Gaul,

And in holy Tours, Saint Patrick findeth freedom,
 friends, and all.

In holy Tours he findeth home and altars, friends and
 all;

There matins hail the morning, sweet bells to vespers
 call;

There’s no lord to make him tremble, no magician to
 endure,

Nor need he to dissemble in the pious streets of Tours;
 But ever, as he rises with the morning’s early light,

And still erewhile he sleepeth, when the north star
 shines at night;

When he sees the angry Ocean by the tyrant tempest
 trod,

He murmurs in devotion—“Fear nothing! Trust to
 God!”

—*T. D. M’Gee.*

ST. PATRICK AND THE BARD. *

The land is sad, and dark our days;
Sing us a song of the days that were:
Then sang the bard in his Order's praise
This song of the chief bard of King Laeghaire.

The King is wroth with a greater wrath
Than the wrath of Nial or the wrath of Conn;
From his heart to his brow the blood makes path,
And hangs there, a red cloud, beneath his crown.

Is there any who knows not, from south to north,
That Laeghaire tomorrow his birthday keeps?
No fire may be lit upon hill or hearth
Till the King's strong fire in its kingly mirth
Leaps upward from Tara's palace steeps!

Yet Patrick has lighted his paschal fire
At Slane,—it is Holy Saturday,—
And bless'd his font 'mid the chanting choir!
From hill to hill the flame makes way;
While the King looks on it, his eyes with ire
Flash red, like Mars, under tresses gray.

The great King's captains with drawn swords rose;
To avenge their Lord and the state they swore;
The Druids rose and their garments tore;
"The strangers to us and our gods are foes!"
Then the King to Patrick a herald sent,
Who said, "Come up at noon, and show
Who lit thy fire, and with what intent?
These things the great King Laeghaire would
know.

* A. D. 433.

But Laeghaire conceal'd twelve men in the way,
Who swore by the sun the saint to slay.

When the waters of Boyne began to bask,
And the fields to flash, in the rising sun,
The Apostle Evangelist kept his Pasch,
And Erin her grace baptismal won ;
Her birthday it was ;—his font the rock,
He bless'd the land, and he bless'd his flock.

Then forth to Tara he fared full lowly ;
The Staff of Jesus was in his hand ;
Eight priests paced after him chanting slowly,
Printing their steps on the dewy land ;
It was the Resurrection morn ;
The lark sang loud o'er the springing corn ;
The dove was heard, and the hunter's horn.

The murderers stood close by on the way ;
Yet they saw nought save the lambs at play.

A trouble lurk'd in the King's strong eye
When the guests that he counted for dead drew nigh.
He sat in state at his palace gate ;
His chiefs and his nobles were ranged around ;
The Druids like ravens smelt some far fate ;
Their eyes were gloomily bent on the ground.
Then spake Laeghaire : "He comes—beware !
Let none salute him, or rise from his chair !"

Like some still vision men see by night,
Mitred, with eyes of serene command,
Saint Patrick moved onward in ghostly white ;
The staff of Jesus was in his hand.
His priests paced after him unafraid,
And the boy, Benignus, more like a maid,
Like a maid just wedded he walk'd and smiled,
To Christ new-plighted, that priestly child.

They enter'd the circle; their hymn they ceased;
The Druids their eyes bent earthward still;
On Patrick's brow the glory increased,
As a sunrise brightening some breathless hill.
The warriors sat silent; strange awe they felt;—
The chief bard, Dubtach, * rose up and knelt!

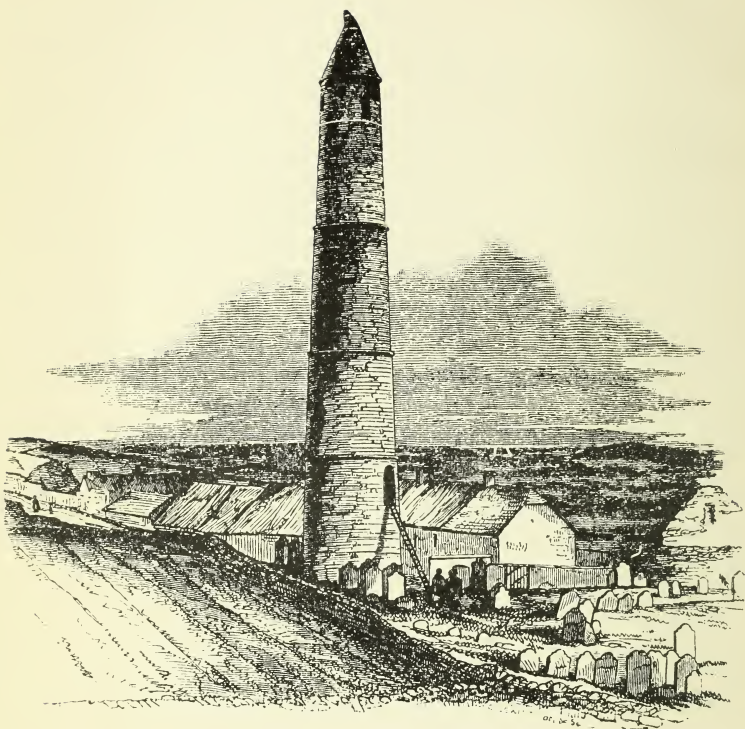
Then Patrick discoursed of the things to be
When time gives way to eternity,
Of kingdoms that cease, which are dreams not things,
And the Kingdom built by the King of kings.
Of Him he spake who reigns from the Cross;
Of the death which is life, and the life which is
loss;
And how all things were made by the Infant Lord,
And the small hand the Magian kings adored.
His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood
That swells all night from some far-off wood,
And when it was ended—that wondrous strain—
Invisible myriads breathed low, “Amen!”

While he spake, men say that the reflux tide
On the shore beside Colpa ceased to sink;
And they said the white deer by Mulla's side
O'er the green marge bending forebore to drink;
That the Brandon eagle forgot to soar;
That no leaf stirr'd in the wood by Lee.—
Such stupor hung the island o'er,
For none might guess when the end would be.

Then whisper'd the King to a chief close by,
“It were better for me to believe than die!”

Yet the King believed not; but ordinance gave
That whoso would might believe that word;
So the meek believed, and the wise, and brave,
And Mary's Son as their God adored.

* Pronounced Duach.



A PILLAR TOWER—BELL-HOUSE OF ARDMORE

Ethnea and Fethlimea, his daughters twain,
 That day were in baptism born again;
 And the Druids, because they could answer nought,
 Bow'd down to the faith the stranger brought.
 That day upon Erin God pour'd His spirit—
 Yet none like the chief of the bards had merit,
 Dubtach!—He rose and believed the first,
 Ere the great light yet on the rest had burst.
 It was thus that Erin, then blind but strong,
 To Christ through her chief bard paid homage due;
 And this was a sign that in Erin song
 Should from first to last to the cross be true.
—Aubrey de Vere.

Everywhere that St. Patrick went on his missionary
 tour through Ireland he caused churches to be erected.
 The remains of many of them are visible to this day,
 silent witnesses of the conversion of Ireland to the
 faith of Jesus Christ. Attached to many of these
 churches are Round Towers—about seventy in all—
 conspicuous at once by their shape and their wonder-
 ful preservation. They are a standing puzzle to anti-
 quarians, but owing to their invariable proximity to
 ruined fanes it seems certain that they were used, if
 not built, in some way for ecclesiastical purposes. At
 any rate they are a perennial monument to the skill
 of their builders and they come down to us at least
 from the earliest Christian ages.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wonderful they stand
 By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys
 of our land;

In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads
 sublime,
 These grey old pillar temples—these conquerors of
 time!

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak
 The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of
 the Greek,
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed
 Gothic spires,
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
 And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm
 homes of the just;
 For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
 Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
 On the wing of the spring comes the goddess of the
 earth;
 But for man in this world no springtime e're returns
 To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
 And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;
 As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its
 nest,
 Thus time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the
 west!

The names of their founders have vanished in the
 gloom,
 Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the
 tomb;

But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
 These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the
 past!

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the
 Dane—

The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
 Phoenician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman
 Peers—

And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs
 of later years!

How many different rites have these grey old temples
 known?

To the mind what dreams are written in these chron-
 icles of stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love and
 truth,

Have flashed from these walls since the world was
 in its youth?

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone,
 As a star from afar to a traveler it shone;

And the warm blood of the victim have these grey old
 temples drunk,

And the death song of the Druid and the matin of
 the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred
 wine,

And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics
 from the shrine,

And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than
 the east,

And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of
 the priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rang out the vesper
bell,—

Where the fugitive found shelter, became the her-
mit's cell;

And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and
good,

For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit
stood!

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth
impart

To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb
to the heart;

While the breast needeth rest may these grey old
temples last,

Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the
past!

—*D. F. McCarthy.*

The most extraordinary feature of the mission of St. Patrick, after his phenomenal success, was the number of men and women conspicuous for holiness of life who took up his work, established monasteries or schools, gathered numberless disciples about them and trained them to secular knowledge as well as in the science of the saints. Most prominent of those days were Saints Bridget and Columbkille—the former the spiritual mother of Irish women, the latter, the most famous of Ireland's missionaries as well as the greatest of her monastic founders. The fame of St. Bridget* is chanted under two aspects by De Vere, who also renders the farewell song of St. Columbkille† to the

* Born about A. D. 455. Died A. D. 525.

† Born A. D. 521. Died A. D. 597.

bleak Isle of Arran that he loved so well. St. Columbkille was the founder of Iona and the apostle of Scotland.

ST. BRIGID OF THE LEGENDS.

A soft child-saint she moved, foot-bare,
Amid the kine sweet-breathing,
With boughs, the insect tribe to scare,
Their horned foreheads wreathing.

Slowly on her their dark eyes grave
They rolled in sleepy pleasure,
Like things by music charmed, and gave
Their milk in twofold measure.

That hour there paused a beggar clan
Through sultry fields on-faring;
"Come drink," she cried, "from pail and pan!"—
That small hand was unsparing.

In wrath her mother near them drew;—
The pails that late held nothing,
Like fountains tapped foamed up anew,
And buzzed with milk floods frothing!

O Saint, the favorite of the poor,
The afflicted, weak and weary!
Like Mary's was the face she bore;
Men called her "Erin's Mary."

In triple vision God to her
Revealed her country's story;
She saw the advancing tempests blur,
Then blot, its morning glory.

Kildare of Oaks! thy quenchless Faith,
 Her gift it was; she taught it!
 The shroud Saint Patrick wore in death,
 'Twas she, 'twas she that wrought it!

Thus sang they on the sunburnt land
 Among the stacks of barley;
 And singing, smiled, by breezes fanned
 From Erin's dream-land early.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

ST. BRIGID OF THE CONVENTS.

She looked not on the face of man;
 Nor husband hers, nor brother;
 But where she passed the children ran
 And hailed that maid their mother!

In haste she flies soft mead and grove,
 For virtue's region hilly;
 They called her, 'mid the birds, the Dove,
 Amid the flowers, the Lily.

In woods of Oriel-Leinster's vales—
 Her convent homes she planted;
 And Erin's cloistered nightingales
 Their nocturnes darkling chaunted.

By many a Scottish moorland wide,
 By many an English river,
 Men loved of old their "good Saint Bride;"
 But Erin loves forever!

A sword went forth; thy fanes they burn'd!
 Sweet Saint, no angers fret thee!—
 There are that ne'er thy grace have spurned,
 There are that ne'er forgot thee!

Thus sang they while the autumnal glade
 Exchanged green leaf for golden ;
 And later griefs were lighter made
 By thoughts of glories olden.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

ST. COLUMBKILLE'S FAREWELL TO THE
 ISLE OF ARRAN, ON SETTING SAIL
 FOR IONA.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

Farewell to Arran Isle, farewell,
 I steer for Hy ; my heart is sore ;—
 The breakers burst, the billows swell
 'Twixt Arran Isle and Alba's shore.

Thus spake the Son of God, "Depart!"
 O Arran Isle, God's will be done!
 By angels throng'd this hour thou art ;
 I sit within my bark alone.

O Modan, well for thee the while!
 Fair falls thy lot, and well art thou!
 Thy seat is set in Arran Isle ;
 Eastward to Alba turns my prow.

O Arran, Sun of all the West!
 My heart is thine ! As sweet to close
 Our dying eyes in thee, as rest
 Where Peter and where Paul repose !

O Arran, Sun of all the West!
 My heart in thee its grave hath found ;
 He walks in regions of the blest
 The man that hears thy church bells' sound !

O Arran blest, O Arran blest!
Accursed the man that loves not thee!
The dead man cradled in thy breast—
No demon scares him; well is he.

Each Sunday Gabriel from on high
(For so did Christ our Lord ordain)
Thy masses comes to sanctify,
With fifty angels in his train.

Each Monday Michael issues forth
To bless anew each sacred fane;
Each Tuesday cometh Raphael
To bless pure hearth and golden grain.

Each Wednesday cometh Uriel,
Each Thursday Sariel, fresh from God;
Each Friday cometh Ramael
To bless thy stones and bless thy sod.

Each Saturday comes Mary,
Comes Babe on arm, 'mid heavenly hosts!
O Arran, near to heaven is he
That hears God's angels bless thy coasts!

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

The monastic schools established in Ireland soon won for themselves a world-wide fame. The students in many of the more famous were numbered by the thousand. On account of the break-up of the Roman empire owing to the successive invasions of conquering barbarians, literary pursuits were at a very low ebb on the continent of Europe. Very many students came from the different countries of Europe to Ireland

to take advantage of the opportunities offered there. They were warmly welcomed and received abundant hospitality as well as opportunities of advancing themselves in sacred and secular learning. The following ballad represents the ideas of the Anglo-Saxon prince, Alfrid, who himself was a beneficiary of the Irish schools:

PRINCE ALFRID'S ITINERARY THROUGH
IRELAND. *

(FROM THE IRISH.)

I found in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant food and apparel for all.

Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.

I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting, as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councillors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

* About A. D. 684.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
 Ever beseeching help for others,
 And in their keeping the holy word
 Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.

I found in Munster unfettered of any,
 Kings, and queens, and poets a many—
 Poets well skilled in music and measure,
 Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundancy
 Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
 Hospitality, vigor, fame,
 In Cruachan's land of heroic name.

I found in the country of Conall the glorious,
 Bravest heroes, ever victorious;
 Fair-complexioned men and warlike,
 Ireland's lights, the high, the starlike!

I found in Ulster from hill to glen,
 Hardy warriors, resolute men;
 Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
 And strength transmitted from sire to son.

I found in the noble district of Boyle
 (MS. here illegible.)
 Brehons, Erenachs, weapons bright,
 And horsemen bold and sudden in fight.

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
 From Dublin to Slewmary's peak;
 Flourishing pastures, valour, health,
 Long-living worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found besides, from Ara to Glea,
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
I found them all—I have written sooth.

—*J. C. Mangan.*

But the Irish monks were not merely great students—they were also great missionaries. As I have already said, St. Columbkille was the Apostle of Scotland; St. Columbanus was a famous missionary in France and Italy, and founder of the monasteries of Luxeuil, in France, and Bobbio, in Italy; St. Aidan, founder of Lindisfarne, in England; in fact Montalembert tells us in his great work, "The Monks of the West," that the Irish missionaries converted most of England, and that St. Augustine and his Roman monks only converted one kingdom of the Saxon Heptarchy. The entire continent of Europe bears evident marks of the Irish missionary invasion, for we are told by Father Thebaud that "the Irish monks held from the sixth to the ninth century thirteen Irish monasteries in Scotland, seven in France, twelve in Ar-

moric Gaul, seven in Lotharingia, eleven in Burgundy, nine in Belgium, ten in Alsatia, Helvetia and Suevia, besides several in Thuringia and on the left of the Rhine." We are also told by other writers that "one hundred and fifty-five Irish saints are venerated in the churches of Germany, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium, thirteen in Italy and eight in Scandinavia." The following ballad commemorates an incident that took place in the days of Charlemagne, when two Irish monks attracted attention to themselves in the marketplace of Paris by offering wisdom for sale. One of them, Clement, became founder of the University of Paris; the other, Albin, of that of Pavia, in Italy. In the following ballad the story is supposed to be told by a monk of St. Gall's to King Charles, surnamed the Fat—a grandson of Charlemagne:

THE "WISDOM-SELLERS" BEFORE CHARLEMAGNE. *

"Grandson of Charlemagne! to tell
 Of exiled Learning's late return,
 A task more grateful never fell
 To one still drinking at her urn;
 Of Force, O King,
 Too many sing,
 Lauding mere sanguinary strength;
 But Wisdom's praise
 Our favored days
 Have asked to hear at length.
 When he, whose sword and name you bear
 Reigned unopposed throughout the West,

* A. D. 781.

And none would dream, or dreaming dare,
Reject his high behest—
He found no peace, nor near, nor far,
No spell to stay his swaying mind ;
For Glory, like the sailor's star,
Still left her votary far behind ;
The wreck of Roman art remained,
Casting dark lines of destiny ;
The very roads they went proclaimed
The modern man's degen'racy ;
Our Charles wept like Philip's son,
Thinking Time's noblest wreaths were won.

“One morn upon his throne of state,
Crown'd and sad the Conqueror sate.
'What stirs without, my chiefs?' said he,
'Do all things rest on land and sea?
Has France slept late, or has she lost
The love of being tempest tost?'
Spake an old soldier of his wars,
One who had fought in Lombardy,
Whose breast, beside, bore Saxon scars,—
The Soldier-Emperor's friend was he!
'O, Carl, strange news your steward bears
Of merchants in the mart, who tell,
Standing amidst the mingled wares
That they bring wisdom here to sell ;
Tall men though strange they seem to be,
And somewhere from ayont the sea.'
Quoth Charles: "Twere rare merchandise
That purchased could make Paris wise.
Fetch me those wisdom-sellers, hither—
We fain would know their whence and whither.' ”

“Of air erect, and full of grace,
With bearded lip and arrow eye,

And signs no presence could efface
Of learning's meek nobility,
The men appeared: Carl's lion front
Was lifted as each bowed his head,
With words more gentle than his wont,
To the two strangers thus he said—
'Merchants, what is the tale I hear?
That in the market-place you offer
Wisdom for sale? Is wisdom dear—
Is't in the compass of our coffer?'

"In accents such as seldom broke
The silence there, Albinus spoke:—
'O, Carl, illustrious Emperor,
We are but strangers on your shore,
From Erin's Isle, where every glen
Is crowded with the sons of song,
And every port with learned men,
We, venturing without the throng—
(And longing, not the least, to see
The person of your majesty,
Whose fame has reached the ends of ocean),
Forsook our native Isle, to bear
The lamps of wisdom everywhere,
Our Heavenly Master's work to do—
And first we come, O King, to you;
On Cormac's Cromleach you have gazed,
And seen the prone strength of the past;
You saw the piles the Caesars raised:
Saw Art his Empire-cause outlast;
All scenes of war, all pomps of peace,
Armies and harvests in array—
Your longing soul from sights like these
To time and Art oft turns away.'

"Great hosts are bristling over earth,
Like grain in harvest—till anon,

A wintry campaign, or a dearth
Of valour, and your hosts are gone.
The soldier's pride is for a season,
His day leads to a silent night,
But sov'reign Power, inspired by reason,
Creates a world of life and light;
We've rifled the departed ages,
And bring their grave-gifts here today;
We sell the secrets of the sages—
The code of Calvary and Sinai.
To Wisdom, King! we set no measure;
For Wisdom's price—there is but one—
To value it above all treasure
And spend it freely when 'tis won.
By every peaceful Gaelic river
The Bookmen have a free abode,
They celebrate each princely giver
And teach the arts of Man and God.
All that we ask for all we bring
Is eager pupils round our cell,
And your protection, mighty King!
While in the realms of France we dwell.'

"Grandson of Carl! I need no more,
The rest throughout the earth is known
How learning lost to us before
Spread like a sun around his throne.
Till now in Saxon forests dim
New neophytes their love-lights trim—
How even my own Alpine heights
Are luminous through studious nights,
How Pavia's learned half regain
The glory of the Roman name—
How mind with mind and soul with soul
Press onward to the ancient goal—
How faith herself smiles on the chase

Of Chimera and Reason's race—
 How Wisdom-Sellers one may meet
 In every ship and every street—
 Of how our Irish masters rest
 In graves watched by the grateful West—
 How more than war or sanguine strength
 Of wisdom's praise,
 Our favoured days,
 Have asked to hear at length."

—*T. D. McGee.*

For about three centuries Ireland enjoyed her fame as the *Insula Doctorum et Sanctorum*—the Isle of scholars and of saints. Towards the end of the eighth century her glory began to wane. The Danes appeared upon her horizon; they plundered the schools and churches, butchered many of the religious of both sexes and harassed the country at large. At last, on Good Friday, A. D. 1014, after more than two hundred years of varied fortunes, the forces of the Danes were pitted in a death struggle against the flower of Irish chivalry united under the Irish High-King Brian Boru. The battle took place at Clontarf, near Dublin, and the power of the Danes in Ireland was forever broken. Brian himself, his son and his grandson, were slain.

KING BRIAN BEFORE THE BATTLE.*

Stand ye now for Erin's glory! Stand ye now for
 Erin's cause!
 Long ye've groaned beneath the rigour of the North-
 men's savage laws.

* A. D. 1014.

What though brothers league against us? What
 though myriads be the foe?
 Victory will be more honored in the myriads' over-
 throw.

Proud Connacians! oft we've wrangled, in our petty
 feuds of yore;
 Now we fight against the robber Dane, upon our native
 shore;
 May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in
 one red tide,
 While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate
 their pride!

Brave Eugenians! Erin triumphs in the sight she sees
 today—
 Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and
 the fray!
 Cluan's vale and Galtee's summit send their bravest
 and their best—
 May such hearts be theirs forever, for the Freedom
 of the West!

Chiefs and Kerne of Dalcassia! Brothers of my past
 career,
 Oft we've trodden on the pirate-flag that flaunts before
 us here,
 You remember Iniscattery, how we hounded on the
 foe,
 As the torrent of the mountain burst upon the plain
 below!

They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the
 Temples of the Lord—
 Burnt to dust the sacred relics—put the peaceful to the
 sword—

Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again.
 If their power today we smite not—if today we be not
 men!

Slaughtered pilgrims is the story at St. Kevin's rocky
 cell,
 And on the southern sea-shore, at the Helig's holy
 well;
 E'en the anchorets are hunted, poor and peaceful
 though they be,
 And not one of them left living, in their caves beside
 the sea!

Think of all your murder'd chieftains—all your rifled
 homes and shrines—
 Then rush down, with whetted vengeance, like fierce
 wolves upon their lines!
 Think of Bangor—think of Mayo—and Senanus' holy
 tomb—
 Think of all your past endurance—what may be your
 future doom!

On this day the God-man suffered—look upon the
 sacred sign—
 May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Con-
 stantine!
 May the heathen tribes of Odin fade before it like a
 dream,
 And the triumph of this glorious day in future annals
 gleam!

God of Heaven, bless our banner—nerve our sinews
 for the strife!
 Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars, land,
 and life—

For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing
temples trace—
For the honour of our maidens, and the glory of our
race!

Should I fall before the foeman, 'tis the death I seek
today;
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my body
not away,
Till this day of days be over—till the field is fought
and won—
Then the Holy Mass be chaunted, and the funeral rites
be done.

Curses darker than Ben Heder light upon the craven
slave
Who prefers the life of traitor to the glory of the
grave!
Freedom's guerdon now awaits you, or a destiny of
chains—
Trample down the dark oppressor while one spark of
life remains!

Think not now of coward mercy—Heaven's curse is
on their blood!
Spare them not, though myriad corpses float upon the
purple flood!
By the memory of great Dathi, and the valiant chiefs
of yore,
This day we'll scourge the viper brood for ever from
our shore!

Men of Erin! men of Erin! grasp the battle-axe and
spear!
Chase these Northern wolves before you like a herd of
frightened deer!

Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven! Down on
 the heathen crew,
 For the glory of the Crucified and Erin's glory too!
 —*William Kenealy.*

In the preceding ballad King Brian makes touching allusion to the internal strifes of the Irish. Each chieftain had his feud with some neighboring chief and internecine war was the sad and only too frequent consequence. At the time of the battle of Clontarf, the MacGillapatricks of Ossory were in feud with the Dalcassians; and as a contingent of the latter were wearily making their way homeward after the great victory, and carefully caring for their wounded, they were set upon by their enemies. The wounded Dalcassians were supported by stakes to which they were tied, and bravely they helped to withstand the hostile assault. One is glad to read that the treacherous MacGillapatricks were completely beaten back.

WAR SONG.

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er;
 Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora no more!
 The star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,

Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footsteps of slavery there?
 No, freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquered and died!
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
 Oh let him not blush, when he leaves us tonight,
 To find that they fell there in vain!

—*Thomas Moore.*

For about 150 years after the battle of Clontarf Ireland had peace. But the Normans, who in the preceding century had conquered England, were, in the year 1168, brought into Ireland by Dermot McMorrough, who had been driven out of Ireland on account of a grievous wrong committed by him. Their leader was Richard De Clare, Earl of Pembroke, commonly called Strongbow, and as he and his followers were well skilled in the art of war they soon obtained a hold upon Ireland which they never afterwards lost. They adopted the Irish language and customs to a great extent and, as the saying was, became more Irish than the Irish themselves. One of the most famous of

these Norman-Irish families was that of Fitzgerald, or the Geraldines, as they are frequently called.

THE GERALDINES.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis full a thousand
years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their
battle spears
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron
shields were known,
And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the
Garonne:
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by
William's side,
And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood
they dyed;—
But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or
disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his
face.

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—'tis true, in Strong-
bow's van
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign
began;
And oh! through many a dark campaign they proved
their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and
chief, and kerne:
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely
won,
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such
slaughter done;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien! you'd ask
no herald's sign

Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—not long our
 air they breathed;
 Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed;
 Not often had their children been by Irish mothers
 nursed,
 When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling
 burst!
 The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and
 force, and bribe,
 To win from Irish thoughts and ways this “more than
 Irish” tribe;
 For still they clung to fosterage, to breitheamh, cloak,
 and bard:
 What king dare say to Geraldine, “Your Irish wife
 discard?”

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
 O’er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English
 arts disdained:
 Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free
 was your bugle call
 By Gleann’s green slopes, and Daingean’s tide, from
 Bearbha’s* banks to Eochail.**
 What gorgeous shrines, what breitheamh lore, what
 minstrel feasts there were
 In and around Magh Nuadhaid’s† keep, and palace-
 filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin
 were pressed
 And foeman fled, when “Crom Abu” bespoke your
 lance at rest.
 Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken Thomas
 flung

* Pronounced Barrow. ** Youghal.

† Pronounced Ma-noo-ad.

King Henry's sword on council board, the English
 thanes among,
 Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English
 sway,
 Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest
 cut away.
 Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed
 on th' exhausted tide
 His title lives—a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide:
 And though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at
 the root,
 Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree
 no fruit?

True Geraldine! brave Geraldine!—as torrents mould
 the earth,
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy
 and worth:
 When Ginckle leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers
 gazed
 To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner
 blazed!
 And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Cuirreach's
 mere,
 "They live who'll see ten thousand men with good
 Lord Edward here"—
 So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by
 Edward's shade,
 But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be ar-
 rayed!

These Geraldines! these Geraldines!—rain wears away
 the rock,
 And time may wear away the tribe that stood the bat-
 tle's shock,

But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that honored
 race,
 In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place:
 And, though the last were dead and gone, how many
 a field and town
 From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their
 renown,
 And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient power's
 decline,
 " 'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Gerald-
 ine."

The Geraldines! the Geraldines!—and are there any
 fears
 Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand
 years?
 Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with
 martyr's blood?—
 Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed
 down a flood?—
 By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan and
 keep laid low,—
 By Silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted Edward!
 No!
 The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line
 Command their son to take the post that fits the Ger-
 aldine!

—*Thomas Davis.*

To prevent the Normans from inter-marriage
 with the Irish and the adoption of the Irish language
 and customs in their daily intercourse, a famous
 statute was passed in the year 1367, known to history

as the Statute of Kilkenny. It entirely failed to attain its purpose.

THE STATUTE OF KILKENNY.

Of old ye warr'd on men: today
 On women and on babes ye war;
 The Noble's child his head must lay
 Beneath the peasants' roof no more!

I saw in sleep the Infant's hand,
 His foster-brother's fiercely grasp;
 His warm arm, lithe as willow wand,
 Twines me each day with closer clasp!

Oh, infant smiler! grief beguiler!
 Between the oppressor and the oppress'd.
 Oh, soft, unconscious reconciler,
 Smile on! through thee the land is bless'd.

Through thee, the puissant love the poor;
 His conqueror's hope the vanquish'd shares;
 For thy sake by a lowly door
 The clan-made vassal stops and stares.

Our vales are healthy. On thy cheek
 There dawns, each day, a livelier red:
 Smile on! Before another week
 Thy feet our earthen floor will tread!

Thy foster-brothers twain for thee,
 Would face the wolves on snowy fell:
 Smile on! the Irish enemy
 Will fence their Norman nursling well.

The nursling as the child is dear ;—
 Thy mother loves not like thy nurse !
 That babbling Mandate steps not near
 Thy cot but o'er her bleeding corse !

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Many a fierce encounter took place between the Norman barons trying to extend English domination in Ireland and the Irish chieftains fighting for their homes and possessions. One of the most famous of these battles was fought A. D. 1257 at Credankille, in Sligo, between Godfrey O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell, and his Irish clansmen and Maurice Fitzgerald and his mail-clad Anglo-Normans. The leaders met in single combat and were both carried from the field severely wounded: but the Irish were victors. Fitzgerald afterwards retired to a Franciscan monastery and died in the habit of religion; the fate of O'Donnell we shall see anon.

BATTLE OF CREDAN.*

From the glens of his fathers O'Donnell comes forth,
 With all Cinel-Conaill, fierce septs of the North—
 O'Boyle and O'Daly, O'Dugan, and they
 That own, by the wild waves, O'Doherty's sway.

Clan Connor, brave sons of the diadem'd Niall,
 Has pour'd the tall clansmen from mountain and
 vale—

M'Sweeney's sharp axes, to battle oft bore,
 Flash bright in the sun-light by high Dunamore.

* A D 1257.

Through Innis-MacDurin, through Derry's dark
brakes,
Glentoucher of tempests, Sleibhsnacht of the lakes,
Bundoran of dark spells, Loch-Swilly's rich glen,
The red deer rush wild at the war-shout of men!

O! why through Tir-Conaill, from Cuil-dubh's dark
steep,
To Samer's green border the fierce masses sweep,
Living torrents o'er-leaping their own river shore,
In the red sea of battle to mingle their roar?

Stretch thy vision far southward, and seek for reply
Where the blaze of the hamlets glares red on the sky—
Where the shrieks of the hopeless rise high to their
God,
Where the foot of the Sassenach spoiler has trod.

Sweeping on like a tempest, the Gall-Oglach stern
Contentends for the van with the swift-footed kern—
There's blood for that burning, and joy for that wail—
The avenger is hot on the spoiler's red trail!

The Saxon hath gathered on Credran's far heights,
His groves of long lances, the flower of his knights—
His awful cross-bowman, whose long iron hail
Finds, through Cota and Sciath, the bare heart of the
Gael!

The long lance is brittle—the mailed ranks reel
Where the Gall-Oglach's axe hews the harness of steel,
And truer to its aim in the breast of a foeman,
Is the pike of a kern than the shaft of a bowman.

One prayer to St. Columb—the battle-steel clashes—
The tide of fierce conflict tumultuously dashes;

Surging onward, high-heaving its billow of blood,
While war-shout and death-groan swell high o'er the
flood!

As meet the wild billows the deep centr'd rock,
Met glorious Clan Conell the fierce Saxon's shock;
As the wrath of the clouds flash'd the axe of Clan
Conell,
Till the Saxon lay strewn 'neath the might of O'Donnell!

One warrior alone holds the wide bloody field,
With barbed black charger and long lance and shield—
Grim, savage, and gory he meets their advance,
His broad shield up-lifting and couching his lance.

Then forth to the van of that fierce rushing throng
Rode a chieftain of tall spear and battle-axe strong,
His bracca,* and geochal,** and cochal's† red fold,
And war-horse's housing, were radiant in gold!

Say who is this chief spurring forth to the fray,
The wave of whose spear holds yon armed array?
And he who stands scorning the thousands that sweep,
An army of wolves over shepherdless sheep?

The shield of the nation, brave Geoffrey O'Donnell
Clan Fodhla's firm prop is the proud race of Conell,
And Maurice Fitzgerald, the scorner of danger,
The scourge of the Gael, and the strength of the
stranger.

The launch'd spear hath torn through target and
mail—

The couch'd lance hath borne to his crupper the Gael—
The steeds driven backwards all helplessly reel;
But the lance that lies broken hath blood on its steel!

* Leggings. ** Tunic. † Cloak.

And now, fierce O'Donnell, thy battle-axe wield—
 The broad-sword is skiver'd, and cloven the shield,
 The keen steel sweeps grinding through proud crest
 and crown—

Clan-Fódhla hath triumph'd—the Saxon is down!

—*Edward Walsh.*

One great trouble with Ireland in her contest with the Anglo-Normans, as previously with the Danes, was that the Irish chieftains were perpetually at feud with each other. It was this unfortunate weakness that enabled the Anglo-Normans to establish themselves in Ireland. The fierce warriors before whom the Anglo-Saxons went down forever in one day at the battle of Hastings took centuries to subdue Ireland's warlike sons. They could never have succeeded if the Irish chieftains had foregone their rivalries and presented a united front to the common foe. The O'Neills and O'Donnells, though sprung from the same stock, were bitter rivals, and when Godfrey O'Donnell lay wounded after his glorious victory at Credran Kille, O'Neill strove to take advantage of his weakness, as the following vigorous ballad relates:

THE BATTLE OF LOUGH SWILLY.*

All worn, and wan, and sore with wounds, from Credran's bloody fray
 In Donegal, for twelve long months, the proud O'Donnell lay;
 Around his couch, in bitter grief, his trusty clansmen wait,
 And silent watch, with aching hearts, his faint and feeble state.

* A. D. 1258.

Full sad it was, that gallant chief thus stricken down
 to see,
 The wise in hall, the brave in field, the fearless and
 the free;
 Tyrowen's scourge, Tyrconnell's pride, now as an in-
 fant weak.
 And wrung with pain his manly form, all sunk his
 pallid cheek.

His war-shield hangs above him there, his sword is
 by his bed;
 And at the foot his henchman sits,—his bard is by its
 head;
 And on his clairsreach wakes at times a soft and sooth-
 ing strain,
 And sings the songs of other days to lull his master's
 pain.

A light wind touched his banner there, and waved it
 to and fro,
 And on his couch he raised him up all wearily and
 slow;
 "Oh, bear me forth," the chieftain said, "and let me
 view once more,
 The rustling woods of Gartan side, Lough Betagh's
 gentle shore.

"Methinks, upon this burning brow, right pleasant
 'twere to feel
 The fresh breeze from the waters sweep, and o'er it
 cooling steal;
 And see the stag upon the hills, the white clouds drift-
 ing by,
 And feel, upon my wasted cheek, God's sunshine ere
 I die."

It was a summer's evening, a glorious eve in June,
 When bright the sun look'd back on hills, all purple
 in their bloom;
 And blue the lake, and fair the sky when down his
 gillies bore
 Their wounded chief, on litter soft, to Betagh's pleas-
 ant shore.

He looked upon the hills and lake—he gazed upon the
 sky;
 The very harebell at his foot had beauty for his eye;
 And o'er his brow, and features pale, a quiet calmness
 crept,
 And, leaning back, he closed his eyes, all tranquilly,
 and slept.

But soon his slumber passed away, and suddenly he
 woke,
 And thus, with kindling eye and cheek, the wounded
 warrior spoke:
 "A war-steed's tramp is on the heath, and onward
 cometh fast,
 And, by the Rood! a trumpet sounds!—Hark, 'tis the
 Red Hand's blast."

Nor hoof nor horn his vassals heard, nor echo, from
 the hill;
 The lake was calm, the wood was hush'd, and all
 around was still;
 But soon a Kerne all breathless ran and told a stranger
 train
 Across the heath was spurring fast, and then in sight
 it came.

"Now, bring me quick my father's sword," the noble
 chieftain said;
 "My mantle o'er my shoulders fling—place helmet on
 my head,

And raise me to my feet, for ne'er shall clansman of
my foe
Go boasting tell in far Tyrone he saw O'Donnell low!"

They brought him there his father's sword, all goodly
to behold,
His mantle o'er his shoulders cast—its clasp was
twisted gold—
And on his brow a helmet placed, and then, tho' pale
his face,
Yet circled by his chiefs he look'd the Monarch of his
Race!

And thither came the messenger, O'Niall's henchman
he,
And proudly o'er the heath he stept, with bearing bold
and free,
His left hand grasps a sheathed sword—then spake
O'Donnell brief,
"Stranger, you come from Clannaboy—what tidings
from your chief?"

FYTTE II.

"High Chief of Donegal"—'twas thus the clansman
back did say—
"O'Niall sends you greeting fair, as lord a vassal may,
And bids you render homage due, as did your sires
before,
And unto him this tribute pay ere thrice three days
are o'er:

"A hundred hawks from out your woods, all trained
their prey to get;
A hundred steeds from off your hills uncrossed by
rider yet;

A hundred kine from off your plains, the best your
land doth know;
A hundred hounds from out your halls, to hunt the
stag and roe."

"Nor hawk, nor hound, nor steed, nor steer, O'Niall
gets from me;
Nor homage yield, nor tribute send—no vassal clan
are we!
And be he Lord of Clannaboy, and Chieftain at
Tyrone,
Yet I am Prince in Donegal—let each man hold his
own.

"We tread our hills as freeborn men! nor Lord, nor
Ruler, know,
We bend the knee to God alone—go tell your chieftain
so.
Mac Carthan's rocks are hard to climb; Lough Swil-
ly's sides are steep,
And what our fathers gave to us, our good right
hands shall keep!"

The clansman heard in silent rage, then proud his
sword he drew,
And boldly at O'Donnell's foot the scabbard down he
threw;
And waved in air the blade aloft, and blew a trumpet
blast—
Then folded stern his mantle wide, and o'er the hills
he passed.

When out of sight, O'Donnell sank, all worn and weak
with pain,
And from his wounded side, alas, the blood gush'd
forth amain;

But still unquenched his spirit burned, as brightly as
of old,
And thus he to his vassals spake, in accents calm and
bold:

“Go, call around Tyrconnell’s chiefs, my warriors tried
and true;
Send fast a friend to Donal More, a scout to Lisnahue;
Light balefires quick on Easker’s towers, that all the
land may know
O’Donnell needeth help and haste, to meet his haughty
foe.

“Oh, could I but my people head, or wield once more
a spear,
Saint Angus! but we’d hunt their hosts like herds of
fallow deer,
But vain the wish, since I am now a faint and failing
man,
Yet, ye shall bear me to the field, in centre of my
clan!

“Right in the midst, and lest, perchance, upon the
march I die,
In my coffin ye shall place me, uncovered let me lie;
And swear ye now, my body cold shall never rest in
clay,
Until you drive from Donegal O’Niall’s host away.”

Then sad and stern, with hand on skian, that solemn
oath they swore,
And in his coffin placed their chief, and on a litter
bore;
Tho’ ebbing fast his life-throbs came, yet dauntless in
his mood,
He marshall’d well Tyrconnell’s chiefs, like leader wise
and good.

FYTTE III.

Lough Swilly's sides are thick with spears—O'Niall's
 host is there,
 And proud and gay their battle sheen, their banners
 flout the air;
 And haughtily a challenge bold their trumpet bloweth
 free,
 When winding down the heath-clad hills, O'Donnell's
 band they see.

No answer back those warriors gave, but sternly on
 they stept,
 And in their centre, curtained black, a litter close is
 kept,
 And all their host it guideth fair, as did in Galilee
 Proud Judah's tribes the Ark of God, when crossing
 Egypt's sea.

"What pageant trick is this I see?" O'Niall sternly
 said;
 "Do shaven priests, with stole and pall, Tyrconnell's
 rebels head?
 Then shall they learn how scant I prize such mean and
 pompous show,
 O'Hanlon! you have steeds and men, and yonder is
 the foe."

Then reined that chief his panting steed, his sword
 above him flash'd,
 And "Forward! sons of Coll," he cried, and o'er the
 heath he dash'd;
 And like a rock that thunders down some dried-up
 torrent's bed,
 Clan Hanlon's horsemen bounded on, young Redmond
 at their head!

But M'Sweeney met them in the midst, and check'd
their fierce career—

M'Sweeney, chief of Fanid broad, with many a moun-
tain spear,

And he slew their gallant leader, and clove both crest
and shield,

And wide Clan Hanlon's horsemen bold are scatter'd
thro' the field!

Then rush'd like fire Clan Rory's race, with shouts
that rend the skies,

And stricken by M'Gennis stern, the stout M'Sweeney
dies;

But from the hills O'Cahan bursts, with chiefs of In-
nishowen,

And falls the Tanist of Iveagh, for O'Niall and Ty-
rone!

Then rose the roar of battle loud, as clan met clan in
fight,

And axe and skian grew red with blood, a sad and
woful sight;

Yet, in the midst o'er all, unmoved, that litter black
is seen,

Like some dark rock that lifts its head, o'er ocean's
war serene!

Yet once, when blenching back fierce Bryan's charge
before,

Tyrconnell waver'd in its ranks, and all was nearly
o'er,

Aside those curtains wide were flung, and plainly to
the view,

Each host beheld O'Donnell there, all pale and wan in
hue.

And to his tribes he stretch'd his hands, and pointed
to the foe,
And with a shout they rally round, and on Clan Hugh
they go;
And back they beat their horsemen fierce, and in a
column deep,
With O'Donnell in their foremost rank, in one fierce
charge they sweep.

And on that host a panic came—a panic and a fear—
And then their hearts wax faint and low—their hands
drop sword and spear;
And stricken by the ghastly sight, despite their leaders
high,
They shrink before O'Donnell's face, and turn their
steeds and fly!

In vain O'Nial dash'd along, with banner in his hand,
And for the honour of Tyrone, he bade them turn and
stand;
In wild affright his squadrons flee, as ebbs the tide
away,
Tho' the north wind strives to check it, in Dundrum's
rocky bay!

Lough Swilly's banks are thick with spears!—O'Nial's
host is there,
But rent and tost like tempest-clouds, Clan Donnell
in the rere,
Lough Swilly's waves are red with blood, as madly
in its tide,
O'Nial's horsemen wildly plunge, to reach the other
side!

And broken is Tyrowen's pride, and vanquish'd Clan-
naboy,

And there is wailing thro' the land, from Ban to
 Aghnacloy;
 The Red Hand's crest is bent in grief, upon its shield
 a stain.
 For its stoutest clans are broken—its bravest chiefs
 are slain.

But proud and high Tyrconnell shouts; but blending
 on the gale,
 Upon the ear ascendeth now a sad and sullen wail;
 For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of
 the foe,
 The spirit of O'Donnell fled—oh, woe for Ulster, woe!

Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight—
 A Chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his
 might,
 They dug him there a fitting grave, upon that field
 of pride—
 And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's
 side.

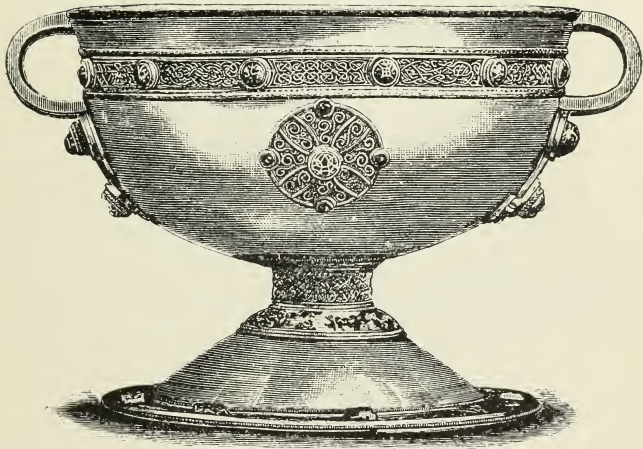
Every one who has ever been in Ireland knows that it is, so to say, covered with glorious monastic ruins. The Danes destroyed many of the churches and monasteries that had come down from the earlier ages. When their power was broken and Ireland had recovered somewhat from their ravages, churches and monasteries began to spring up once more. Some of the most famous of the churches whose ruins still remain date from this period, such as Mellifont, Cong, Knockmoy, Holy-cross and others. The Anglo-Normans, being religiously disposed like the Irish, built

and endowed many others. The following ballad tells the tale of this phase of Ireland's history. Holy-cross Abbey was founded A. D. 1181 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick and North Munster, for the Cister-tians, an order which had been introduced into Ireland a short time before by St. Malachi:

HOLY-CROSS ABBEY.

"From the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
To the bowers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest,
I am master unquestion'd and absolute," said
The lord of broad Munster—King Donald the Red.
"And now that my scepter's no longer the sword,
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle's dread hour."
He spoke—it was done—and with pomp such as glows
Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
There sculpture her miracles lavish'd around,
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound.

There from matins to midnight the censers were sway-
ing,
And from matins to midnight the people were praying;
As a thousand Cistertians incessantly raised
Hosannas round shrines that with jewell'ry blazed;
While the palmer from Syria—the pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike to the far-honour'd fane;
And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
And in Holy-cross Abbey High Masses were said,
Through the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red.



CHALICE OF ARDAGH

In the days of my musings, I wander'd alone,
To this fane that had flourish'd ere Norman was
known;

And its drear desolation was saddening to see,
For its towers were an emblem, O Erin, of thee!
All was glory in ruins—below and above—
From the traceried turret that shelter'd the dove,
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
Where the fox skulked at twilight in quest of his prey.
Here, soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,
While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—
There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
With corbel and chapter cumber'd the ground.

O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cressets of heaven—
From the tombs of crusader, and abbot, and saint,
Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent;
While usurping their banners' high places, o'er all,
The Ivy—dark mourner—suspended her pall.
With deeper emotions the spirit would thrill,
In beholding wherever the winter and rain
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still
Some hand had religiously glean'd them again.
Then I turn'd from the scene, as I mournfully said—
“God's rest to the soul of King Donald the Red.”

—*D. Simmons.*

One of the most famous soldiers that Ireland has ever produced and certainly the foremost figure in the wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was Art Mac Murrough, a member of the same family as Dermot Mac Murrough, who had induced the Anglo-Normans to invade Ireland. He was a brilliant strategist,

as well as a dashing leader, and he succeeded in rescuing many fortified places from the hands of the invaders and in very much circumscribing their power. His influence and his power were so great that King Richard II. of England found it necessary more than once to go to Ireland in person so as to animate his troops by his presence. But he could not prevail against the stalwart Irish chieftain of whom D'Arcy McGee writes: "In the Irish history of the Middle Ages—from Brian's era to Hugh O'Neill's—he has no equal for prudence, foresight, perseverance, valor and success." He died at New Ross in Wexford, A. D. 1417, aged about sixty years.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ART MAC MURROGH.

When Dynasts and Tanists, arrayed on the heather
For Erin, and vengeance took counsel together,
Whose foot than the red deer's was freer and lighter?
Whose eye than the eagle's was keener and brighter?
Whose voice than the peal of the thunder was louder?
Whose bearing than that of a monarch's was prouder?
Whose plume was the haughtiest, air-borne, flying?
Whose sword flashed the brightest o'er dead and o'er
dying?

Though Saxons in herds should his person environ,
Whose grasp on the war-horse was rigid as iron?
Whose heart beat the lightest in trial and danger?
Whose hate was the blackest for Saxon and stranger?
Oh, whose but MacMurrogh's, the pride of his sire-
land,

The sword and the buckler, the war-god of Ireland;
The Pale's-men and Saxons like rabbits would burrow
In fastness and fortress, with fear of MacMurrogh!

When Fileas was chaunting where red wine was flow-
ing—

When eyes sparkled brightly on cheeks hotly glow-
ing—

Whom first did they laud, and to whom first give
honour?

The Calnach, O'Nolan, O'Brien, or O'Connor?—

Oh! who but MacMurrogh, the chieftain so glorious,
O'er Norman and Saxon forever victorious.

At the gates of the Pale, on the banks of King's
River,

Of glory and fame he made hand-maids forever.

When Ormond fled fast to the Pale, for a haven,
Leaving Mortimer's corpse to the wolf and the raven,

The castle of Wexford he gave to the burning,
Their ramparts and bulwarks in dust overturning,

At Athcroe, the ford of the blood-tarnish'd water,
Lord Thomas of England got pale for the slaughter;

By Butler and Perrers the tale was out-spoken

Of all that Art did when his vengeance was woken.

The swords of the foemen he heap'd up to heaven,
Their owners lying near them, by thousands, un-
shriven—

E'en Richard of England confess'd him his master

When blow follow'd blow, and disaster, disaster.

From forest and fastness, from hill-top and valley,

How bravely he'd dash—oh, how wildly he'd sally!

'Till Saxon blood flow'd like a stream from its foun-
tain,

Then hie him again to his haunts in the mountain;

Oh! many the hearts, neither fickle nor hollow,

Would leave kine to starve, and untill'd leave the
furrow,

When raised was your proud flag, thou dauntless Mac-
Murrogh.

As strong as an oak, and as tall as a cedar—
 By birthright a Monarch, by nature a Leader—
 On self and his own gallant hosting reliant,
 Of Richard and all his mailed nobles defiant—
 Of large heart and loving, the foremost to rally
 Around him the septs of the mountain and valley;
 O'Brien, and MacDavid, O'Toole, and O'Connor,
 All loved of green Ireland, all spotless of honour—
 Through gloom, and, through danger would follow,
 and find him
 And peal in the fierce fight their war-cries behind him.
 Ah! woe for the day, when the hand of Death found
 him,
 With his Maidens and Kerns, and Fileas around him.

With weeping and wailing, in sad Ross MacBruin,
 The Bards and the Brehons foretold the land's ruin;
 The folds of the flag of false Ormond were given
 With joy to the free air, and breezes of heaven;
 The heart of the Calvach with anguish was laden,
 O'Toole of Imayle, wept aloud like a maiden,
 O'Nolan, O'Brien, and MacDavid, in sorrow,
 Looked down on their hostings, and thought on the
 morrow.

The sable-cowl'd friars the death mass were singing—
 The maidens in anguish, their white hands were wringing,
 By river, by lake, in each valley and high-land,
 The Death Caoine was raised for the pride of the
 island—
 The kine roam'd at large, and untill'd lay the furrow,
 When death struck the haughty, and mighty MacMur-
 rough.

—*William Pembroke Mulchinock.*

One of the most cherished social institutions of the Irish was that of fosterage. By this is meant that the child of a chieftain was given over to be suckled by some young woman of lower rank. It formed a link sometimes even stronger than blood between the noble child and the family of its foster parents, and particularly the child whose natural rights it was permitted to share. This Irish custom was one of those adopted by the Anglo-Norman lords. When Silken Thomas, the tenth Earl of Kildare, rose in rebellion against Henry VIII. of England, he committed the command of his great Castle of Maynooth to his foster brother, Christopher Perez. He was not a man animated by the true spirit of fosterage and so he entered into negotiations with the English commander for the betrayal of his trust, with what result to himself the following ballad tells. The rebellion of Silken Thomas originated in a mistaken rumor that Gerald, his father, the ninth Earl, had been murdered by Henry in prison. The rebellion ended in disaster and Thomas and his five uncles were executed at Tyburn A. D. 1537.

THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH.*

Crom, Crom-aboo! The Geraldine rebels from proud
Maynooth,
And with him are leagued four hundred, the flower
of Leinster's youth.

* A. D. 1535.

Take heart once more, O Erin! The great God gives
 thee hope;
 And thro' the mists of Time and Woe thy true Life's
 portals ope!

Earl Thomas of the Silken Robes!—here doubtless
 burns thy soul!
 Thou beamest here a Living Sun, round which thy
 planets roll!
 O! would the Eternal Powers above that this were
 only so!
 Then had our land, now scorned and banned, been
 saved a world of woe!

No more!—no more!—it maddeneth so!—But ram-
 part, keep, and tower,
 At least are still—long may they be—a part of Ire-
 land's power!
 But—who looks 'mid his warriors from the walls, as
 gleams a pearl
 'Mid meaner stones? 'Tis Perez—foster-brother of
 the Earl.

Enough!—we shall hear more of him! Amid the
 hundred shafts
 Which campward towards the Saxon host the wind
 upbears and wafts,
 One strikes the earth at Talbot's feet, with somewhat
 white—a scroll—
 Impaled upon its barb—O! how exults the leader's
 soul!

He grasps it—reads—“Now, by St. George, the day at
 last is ours!
 Before tomorrow's sun arise we hold yon haughty
 towers!

The craven traitor!—but, 'tis well!—he shall receive
his hire,
And somewhat more to boot, God wot, than perchance
he may desire!”

Alas! alas;—’tis all too true! A thousand marks of
gold
In Parez’ hands, and Leinster’s bands are basely
bought and sold!
Earl Thomas loses fair Maynooth and a hundred of
his clan—
But, worse! he loses half his hopes, for he loses trust
in Man!

The morn is up; the gates lie wide; the foe pour in
amain.
O! Parez, pride thee in thy plot, and hug thy golden
chain!
There are cries of rage from battlements, and mellays
beneath in court.
But Leinster’s Brave, ere moon blaze high, shall
mourn in donjon fort!

“Ho! Master Parez! thou?” So spake in the hall the
Saxon chief—
“How hast thou proved this tentless loon? But, come,
we will stanch thy grief!
Count these broad pieces over well!” He flung a purse
on the ground,
Which in wrathful silence Parez grasped, ’mid the
gaze of all around.

“So!—right?” “Yes, right, Sir John! Enough! I
now depart for home!”
“Home, sayest thou, Master Parez? Yes, and by my
Halidome,

Mayest reach that sooner than thou dreamest. But
 before we part
 I would a brief, blunt parle with thee. Nay, man, why
 dost thou start?"

"A sudden spasm, Sir John." "Ay, ay! those sudden
 spasms will shock,
 As when, thou knowest, a traitor lays his head upon
 the block!"
 "Sir John!"—"Hush, man, and answer me! Till then
 thou art in bale—
 Till then mine enemy and thrall!" The fallen chief
 turned pale.

"Say, have I kept good faith with thee?" "Thou hast—
 good faith and true!"
 "I owe thee nought, then?" "Nought, Sir John; the
 gold lies here to view."
 "Thou art the Earl's own foster-brother?" "Yes, and
 bosom-friend!"
 "What?" "Nay, Sir John, I need those pieces, and—"
 "—Come, there's an end!"

"The Earl heaped favours on thee?" "Never King
 heaped more on Lord!"
 "He loved thee? honoured thee?" "I was his heart,
 his arm, his sword!"
 "He trusted thee?" "Even as he trusted his own lofty
 soul!"
 "And thou betrayedst him? Base wretch! thou know-
 est the traitor's goal!"

"Ho! Provost-Marshal, hither! Take this losel cai-
 tiff hence—
 I mark, methinks, a scaffold under yonder stone de-
 fence.

Off with his head! By Heaven, the blood within me
 boils and seethes
 To look on him! So vile a knave pollutes the air he
 breathes!"

'Twas but four days thereafter, of a stormy evening
 late,
 When a horseman reared his charger in before the
 castled gate,
 And gazing upwards, he descried, by the light the pale
 moon shed,
 Impaled upon an iron stake, a well known gory head!

"So, Parez! thou hast met thy meed!" he said and
 turned away—

"And was it a foe that thus avenged me on that fatal
 day?

Now, by my troth, albeit I hate the Saxon and his land,
 I could, methinks, for one brief moment press the Tal-
 bot's hand!"

—*J. C. Mangan.*

The era of religious persecution commenced for Ireland, as for England, when Henry VIII. threw off allegiance to Rome and substituted himself for the Pope as the head of the Church in those kingdoms,—a pretension which the Irish particularly did not choose to admit. It became more acute under Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. One way of weaning the Irish nobility from the faith and from their national allegiance was to seize the persons of noble children, take them to England and educate them at court in English ideas and the new religion and then send them

back to Ireland to do England's work. Hugh O'Neill, the famous Irish chieftain, who caused so much trouble to Elizabeth in her later years, was brought up in this way; but when sent back to Ireland as the Earl of Tyrone, he entered into himself and resumed the style and religion of his forefathers. His meditations on the subject are thus portrayed for us:

THE O'NEILL. *

"Can aught of glory or renown
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king!"

These were the sounds that on the ear
Of Tir-owen's startled Earl arose,
That blanch'd his alter'd cheek with fear,
And from his pillow chas'd repose.

In vain was closed his weary eye,
In vain his prayer for peaceful sleep,
Still from a viewless spirit nigh,
Broke forth in accents loud and deep:

"Can aught of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king!"

"Oft did thy eager youthful ear,
Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame,
And in thy pride of blood didst swear
To hold with life thy glorious name!"

* Born 1540. Died 1616.

“Yet thou didst leave thy native land,
For honours on a foreign shore,
And for submission’s purchas’d brand,
Barter’d the name thy fathers bore!

“Where are those fathers’ glories gone?
The pride of ages that have been!
While tamely bows their traitor son,
The vassal of a Saxon Queen;

“While still within a dungeon’s walls,
Ardmira’s fetter’d prince reclines,
While Imayle for her chieftain calls,
Who in a distant prison pines;

“While from that corse, yet reeking warm,
O’er his own fields the life-streams flow,
Well mayst thou start! that mangled form
Once was thy friend, Mac Mahon Roe.

“Forget’st thou that a vessel came
To Cineal’s strand, in gaudy pride,
Fraught with each store of valued name,
That nature gave or art supplied;

“No voice to bid the youth beware,
Of banquets by the Saxon spread;
He tasted, and the treacherous snare
Clos’d o’er the young O’Donnell’s head.

“Hopeless, desponding, still he lies,
No aid his griefs to soothe or end;
And oft in vain his languid eyes
Turn bright’ning on his father’s friend;

“Who was that friend?—a chief of power,
The guardian of a kingdom’s weal,

Tir-owen's pride, and Ulster's flower,
A prince, a hero, The O'Neill!

"He at whose war-horn's potent blast,
Twice twenty chiefs in battle tried,
Unsheath'd the sword in war-like haste,
And ranged their thousands on his side.

"But now, he dreads the paths to tread,
That lead to honours, power, and fame;
And stands, each nobler feeling dead,
Nameless, who own'd a monarch's name.

"Shall Ardmir's prince forever groan,
And Imayle's chief still fetter'd lie?
None for Mac Mahon's blood atone?
Nought cheer O'Donnell's languid eye?

"To thee they turn, on thee they rest;
Release the chain'd, revenge the dead,
Or soon the halls thy sires possess,
Shall echo to a stranger's tread!

"And in the sacred chair of stone,
The base Ne Gaveloc shalt thou see
Receive the name, the power, the throne
That once was dear as life to thee!

"Arise! for on his native plains
His father's warriors marshall'd round,—
O'Donnell, freed from Saxon chains,
Shall soon the signal trumpet sound.

"And soon, thy sacred cause to air,
The brave O'Cahan, at thy call,
Shall brandish high the flaming blade,
That filled the grasp of Cuie-na-gall;

“Resume thy name, in arms arise,
 Tear from thy breast the Saxon star,
 And let the coming midnight skies
 Be crimson'd with thy fires of war!

“And bid around the echoing land
 The war-horn raise thy vassal powers;
 And, once again, the Bloody Hand
 Wave on Dungannon's royal towers!”
 —*Anon.*

Hugh O'Neill, the subject of the preceding ballad, was at first inclined, as the ballad indicates, to favor the English side and bring his countrymen to an understanding with Queen Elizabeth. But at last his better instincts, Catholic and national, prevailed, and he became the leader of the native Irish, and when opportunity arose assumed the Irish title—O'Neill. A contemporary and friend, as well as a most dashing soldier was Hugh O'Donnell, of Tyrconnell, who, having escaped from Dublin Castle, whither he had been brought as a prisoner, became a most active and faithful ally of Hugh O'Neill. The following ballad describes the battle of Beal-An-Atha-Buidh (Beal-an-aw-bwee) or the battle of the Yellow Ford, at which O'Neill had supreme command and O'Donnell was his chief and most efficient lieutenant. The ballad emphasizes the difference in arms, discipline and food between the two armies; but the headlong valour of the Irish, fighting for homes and altars, prevailed. The battle was fought on the 14th of August, 1598. After

varied fortunes, O'Neill died in Rome, a pensioner of the Pope, and is buried in the Church of St. Peter, in Montorio. Hugh O'Donnell died in Spain on the 10th of September, 1602, in the very prime of manhood, and is buried at Valladolid.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.*

By O'Neill close beleaguer'd, the spirits might droop
Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
On the sword's of a soldier to succour Portmore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their
stride—
Stept steadily on! it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er Beal-An-Atha-
Buidh.

The flash of their armour, inlaid with fine gold,—
Gleaming match locks and cannons that mutteringly
roll'd—
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuiras-
siers,
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts,—
With but glibb-cover'd heads, and but rib-guarded
hearts—
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

Poor Bonnochts, and wild Gallow-glasses, and Kern—
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and
dry fern;

* A. D. 1598.

Wirrastrue for their wives—for their babes ochanie,
If they wait for the Saxon at Beal-An-Atha-Buidh.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—

“Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;

Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Fag-a-Bealach!—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

“They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;

Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;”
And he clutch'd his claymore, and—“Look yonder,”
laughed he,

“What a grand commissariat for Beal-An-Atha-Buidh.”

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
Of Ierne, who, tossing his pike, with a bound,

Cried, “My hand to the Sassanach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
My chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?”

“Land of Owen, aboo!” and the Irish rush'd on—
The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone;
Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corslet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought
With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought;

Their faces to Heaven—there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colours, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder go leor!
They munch'd the white manchets—they champ'd the
brown chine,
Fiulleluah! for that day, how the natives did dine!

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, "Hearken O'Neill; I've a health to propose:
"To our Sassanach hosts!" and all quaffed in huge
glee.

With Cead mile failte go, Beal-An-Atha-Buidh!

—*William Drennan.*

In the year 1642, on the 24th day of October, the Confederation of Kilkenny was formed. It was a union of the Catholics of Ireland, Norman and Irish, to oppose the English Puritans, and while maintaining their right to an Irish Parliament and the free exercise of their religion, to proclaim allegiance to Charles I., King of England, who was then engaged in a life-or-death struggle with his enemies. To aid the Irish Catholics with money, arms and advice, Pope Innocent X. sent John Baptist Rinuccini, Bishop of Fermo in Italy. He stood staunchly for Catholic rights and was supported faithfully by Owen Roe O'Neill, the native Irish leader, and generally by the Irish—while the Anglo-Normans, or rather Norman-Irish element, were willing to make a treaty and ac-

cept terms that were not satisfactory to Rinuccini or the native Irish leaders. The following ballad represents the sentiment of an Irish Ulster chieftain of this period—utterly opposed to any counsels of prudence—and bitterly distrustful of the Norman Irish. The Confederation of Kilkenny ended in disaster; Owen Roe died, Rinuccini sailed back to Italy, and Cromwell, having no worthy soldier pitted against him, over-ran the country and left behind him traces that remain to this day.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope
and pride,
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Banna's
joyful tide,
And gladsome bell, and bugle horn, from Inbhar's
captured towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours,
is ours!

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields
of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim
hath its own."
Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they
rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the conquests of today.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his
thievish maw,
Now, now the courts may fall to pray, for justice is
the law,

Now shall the Undertaker square for once his loose
 accounts,
 We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his
 false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its
 venal spawn,
 Their foreign laws, their foreign Church, their ermine
 and their lawn,
 With all the specious fry of fraud that robb'd us of
 our own;
 And plant our ancient laws again, beneath our lineal
 throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten
 thousand men;
 Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise
 again;
 The Green alone shall stream above our native field
 and flood—
 The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed
 with Saxon blood!

Pity! no, no; you dare not, Priest—not you, our
 Father, dare
 Preach to us now that Godless creed—the murderer's
 blood to spare;
 To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered
 kin implore
 "Graves and revenge" from Gobbin-Cliffs and Car-
 rick's bloody shore!

Pity! could we "forget-forgive" if we were clods of
 clay
 Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in
 dark decay?

And worse than all, you know it, priest—the daughters
of our land,
With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword
was in our hand!

Pity! well if you needs must whine, let pity have its
way.
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-
day;
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead
who poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parsons'
ruffian sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the
murderer's knife.
We in the open field will fight, fairly for land and
life;
But, by the Dead and all their wrongs, and by our
hopes today,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or
they.

They bann'd our faith, they bann'd our lives, they trod
us into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to
mirth;
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not we
but they have bred;
Yes, this is their own work, and now, their work be
on their head.

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Nor-
man Peers,
If that we shape our holy cause to match their selfish
fears—

Helpless and hopeless be their cause, who brook a
 vain delay,
 Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they
 come or stay.

Let Silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their
 tyrant's rod,
 And pale Dunsany still prefer his Master to his God;
 Little we heed their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of
 the Pale,
 If Irish hearts and Irish hands have Spanish blades
 and mail.

Then let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with
 cunning words;
 I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hire-
 ling swords;
 Natheless their creed they hate us still, as the despoiler
 hates.
 Could they love us and love their prey—our kinsmen's
 lost estates!

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's
 power,
 Or need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this
 gracious hour;
 Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through
 strife and pain,
 And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal
 to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a Saint com-
 muned with God,
 Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood manured the
 reeking sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's
plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful
clansmen come.

Then, brethren, on!—O'Neill's dear shade would
frown to see you pause—
Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, he's watch-
ing o'er your cause—
His gen'rous error lost the land—he deem'd the Nor-
man true,
Oh, forward! friends, it must not lose the land again
in you!

—*C. Garvan Duffy.*

Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew of Hugh O'Neill, was, as I have already insinuated, from the military standpoint, the brain and the strong right arm of the Confederation of Kilkenny. On the 6th of June, 1646, he engaged General Monro and his army in battle, and though commanding an inferior force, by sheer generalship won a signal victory. Rinnucini sent the glad tidings to Rome, and the Pope, to show his appreciation, sent to Owen Roe from Rome the sword of his uncle Hugh, which had been treasured there. Notwithstanding the dissensions that arose between Norman and native Irish, Owen kept his army in the field in good fighting condition and was actually on the march from the north of Ireland to the relief of Wexford, when he fell ill of gout. For some days he was carried on a litter at the head of his army. But at last he took shelter at Clough-Oughter Castle and

there on the 6th day of November, 1649, he died, being at the time about fifty years of age. The rumor spread abroad that he had been poisoned and the following aims to express at once the fury and the consternation and grief of the Irish clansmen at the treacherous taking-off of their beloved leader:

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN
RUADH O'NEILL. *

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill?"

"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan Ruadh!

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."

"From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;

But the weapon of the Sassanach met him on his way,
And he died at Cloch Uachtar, upon St. Leonard's Day."

"Wail, wail, ye for the Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for the dead;

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath, with ashes strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!

Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!

* A. D. 1649.

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall;
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Eoghan won them
 all.

Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had
 been free;

But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever
 be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
 Audley and McMahon—ye are valiant, wise and true;
 But—what, what are ye all to our darling who is
 gone?

The rudder of our ship was he, our castle's corner-
 stone!

"Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for
 our pride!

Would that on the battlefield, our gallant chief had
 died!

Weep the Victor of Beann-bhorbh—weep him, young
 men and old;

Weep for him, ye women, your Beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die, we were sure you
 would not go

And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel
 blow.

Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out
 the sky—

Oh! why did you leave us, Eoghan? why did you die?

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill; bright was
 your eye;

Oh! why did you leave us, Eoghan, why did you die?
 Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God
 on high;

But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan!—why
 did you die?"

—*Thomas Davis.*

When James VI. of Scotland became King of England as James I., the Irish people, not without some show of reason, expected that the son of the persecuted and martyred Mary, Queen of Scots, would show favor to the Irish Catholics. They were, however, soon undeceived, and the first wholesale confiscation of Irish land took place during his reign and at his suggestion. Scotch and English Protestants were introduced into Ulster as settlers and the rents went to certain London companies. This is what is known as the Plantation of Ulster. After the death of Cromwell the Stuarts were restored to the English throne in the person of Charles II. He was succeeded by his brother, James II., in some respects a brave, but headstrong and incompetent man, who, however, being a Catholic himself, was decidedly favorable to Catholic interests both in England and Ireland. When William of Orange, his son-in-law, was called to the English throne, the Irish espoused the cause of James. When his cause was lost in England, he crossed over to Ireland and gathered about him a fine army, but of course without the equipment that William's army could command. A great battle was fought at the River Boyne, which resulted in the defeat of the Irish forces, owing largely to the poor judgment of King James. When James was turning his rein in flight, Sarsfield, the commander of the Irish Horse, is said to have exclaimed in bitterness: "Change kings, and we will fight it over again," and even English and Orange authorities think he was right in his estimate

of things. The following ballad is written from the Orange standpoint; but there is a sympathetic allusion to the heart-wrung cry of the Irish leader. The Battle of the Boyne, remains, however, a landmark, as it were, in Irish history. It was fought on July 1, 1690.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

It was upon a summer's morn, unclouded rose the
 sun,
 And lightly o'er the waving corn, their way the breezes
 won;
 Sparkling beneath that orient beam, 'mid banks of
 verdure gay,
 Its eastward course a silver stream held smilingly
 away.

A kingly host upon its side a monarch camp'd around.
 Its southern upland far and wide their white pavilions
 crowned;
 Not long that sky unclouded show'd, nor long beneath
 the ray
 That gentle stream in silver flowed, to meet the new-
 born day.

Through yonder fairy-haunted glen, from out that dark
 ravine,
 Is heard the tread of marching men, the gleam of
 arms is seen;
 And splashing forth in bright array along yon verdant
 banks,
 All eager for the coming fray, are rang'd the martial
 ranks,

Peals the loud gun—its thunders boom the echoing
 vales along,
 While curtain'd in its sulph'rous gloom moves on the
 gallant throng;
 And foot and horse in mingled mass, regardless all
 of life,
 With furious ardour onward pass to join the deadly
 strife.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame each glowing
 heart beats high,
 Their battle word is William's name, and "Death or
 Liberty!"
 Then, Oldbridge, then thy peaceful bowers with
 sounds unwonted rang,
 And, Tredagh, 'mid thy distant towers, was heard the
 mighty clang.

The silver stream is crimson'd wide, and clogg'd with
 many a corse,
 As floating down its gentle tide come mingled man
 and horse.
 Now fiercer grows the battle rage, the guarded stream
 is cross'd,
 And furious, hand to hand engage each bold contend-
 ing host.

He falls—the veteran hero* falls, renowned along the
 Rhine—
 And he,** whose name, while Derry's walls endure,
 shall brightly shine.
 Oh! would to heav'n that churchman bold, his arms
 with triumph blest,
 The soldier spirit had controll'd that fir'd his pious
 breast.

* Duke Schomberg. ** Walker—a preacher.

And he* the chief of yonder brave and persecuted
band,
Who foremost rush'd amid the wave, and gain'd the
hostile strand;
He bleeds, brave Caillemotte—he bleeds—'tis clos'd,
his bright career,
Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents
cheer.

And now that well contested strand successive col-
umns gain,
While backward James's yielding band are borne
across the plain.
In vain the sword Green Erin draws, and life away
doth fling—
Oh! worthy of a better cause and of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown upon that blood-
stain'd ground;
Thy tow'ring hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall
around.
Nor, shamed, abandon thou the fray, nor blush, though
conquer'd there,
A power against thee fights today no mortal arm may
dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of com-
ing aid—
The dastard thence has ta'en his flight, and left thee all
betray'd.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the victor shout is heard on high
Donore;
Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shatter'd
masses pour.

* Caillemotte—a Huguenot.

But many a gallant spirit there retreats across the
plain.

Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle-
field again.

Enough! enough! the victor cries; your fierce pursuit
forbear,

Let grateful prayer to heaven arise and vanquished
freemen spare.

Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty, for her the sword we
drew,

And dared the battle, while on high our Orange ban-
ners flew;

Woe worth the hour—woe worth the state, when men
shall cease to join,

With grateful hearts to celebrate the glories of the
Boyne.

—*Colonel Blacker.*

After the Battle of the Boyne James fled to France, and the Irish soldiers fell back upon Limerick City, determined to continue the struggle in their own interest. They were accompanied by the French regiments sent over by King Louis of France, which had been with them at the Boyne but for some reason had taken little part in the fight. When the French officers examined the defences of Limerick they were unwilling to take shelter behind them. Lauzun, their chief engineer, declared they could be battered down with roasted apples. The French retired to Galway to take shipping for France, all but one stout-hearted gentleman, De Boisseleau, who volunteered to remain. When

King William and his army drew up at last before Limerick he expected that the capture of the city would occupy only a few days. He found, however, that no matter how weak the walls might be they were defended by stout hearts and willing hands. He sent to Waterford for a siege train of guns of greater calibre than any he had with him. Sarsfield heard of their coming and started out of Limerick by night to intercept them. With his horsemen he lay hidden all day among the hills of the County Clare, and at night rushed down upon the convoy and put them to the sword or to flight. He piled the guns together, filled them with powder and blew them up, and the noise of the explosion carried the first news of their destruction to William's ears. He sent for a new train and continued the siege, but without result. When he succeeded at last in making a practical breach in the walls he found within the gap not merely the men, but the women of Limerick, determined at all cost to resist the invader and save their city. Their glorious valour was crowned for the time at least with complete success and William was forced to withdraw his army and ultimately to return to England, leaving the Irish unsubdued. The following three ballads have reference to this thrilling event in Irish history :

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.*

Oh, hurrah ; for the men who when danger is nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,

* A. D. 1690.

And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 King William's men round Limerick lay,
 His cannon crashed from day to day,
 Till the southern wall was swept away,
 At the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
 'Tis afternoon, yet hot the sun,
 When William fires the signal gun,
 And, like its flash, his columns run
 On the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.

Yet, hurrah! for the men who when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 The breach gaped out two perches wide,
 The fosse is filled, the batteries plied;
 Can the Irishmen that onset bide
 At the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas?
 Across the ditch the columns dash,
 Their bayonets o'er the rubbish flash,
 When sudden comes a rending crash
 From the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.

Then, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 The bullets rain in pelting shower,
 And rocks and beams from wall and tower;
 The Englishmen are glad to cower
 At the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
 But rallied soon, again they pressed,
 Their bayonets pierced full many a breast,
 Till they bravely won the breach's crest
 At the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.

Yet, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
 And madly on the foe they fell,
 Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
 Not the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
 The women fought before the men,
 Each man became a match for ten,
 So back they pushed the villains then,
 From the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.

Then, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 But Brandenburgh the ditch has crost,
 And gained our flank at little cost.
 The bastion's gone—the town is lost;
 Oh! poor city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
 When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine,
 Like rockets rise the Germans fine,
 And come down dead 'mid smoke and shine,
 At the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.

So, hurrah! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.
 Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
 And back the beaten English flung,
 Till William fled, his lords among,
 From the city of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
 'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,

By Irishmen, for Ireland's right—
 May all such days have such a night
 As the battle of Luimneach linn-ghlas.
—*Thomas Davis.*

A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD; OR, THE BURST- ING OF THE GUNS. *

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
 And to take and break their cannon;
 To Mass went he at half-past three,
 And at four he crossed the Shannon.

Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts
 Of fields of victory ran on;
 And the chieftain of Thomond in Limerick's towers
 Slept well by the banks of Shannon.

He rode ten miles and he cross'd the ford,
 And couch'd in the wood and waited;
 Till, left and right, on march'd in sight
 That host which the true man hated.

"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green hill-side
 As they charged replied in thunder;
 They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain,
 And the rebel rout lay under!

He burn'd the gear the knaves held dear,—
 For his king he fought, not plunder;
 With powder he cramm'd the guns, and ramm'd
 Their mouths the red soil under.

The spark flash'd out—like a nation's shout,
 The sound into heaven ascended;

* A. D. 1690.

The hosts of the sky made to each reply,
And the thunders twain were blended!

Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,
And to take and break their cannon,—
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter
Was echo'd from Dungannon.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

He grasped his ponderous hammer, he could not stand
it more,

To hear the bombshells bursting, and thundering battle's roar;

He said, "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see what that can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well,

'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell."

"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's on the wall,

And where you go, we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,

His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—

High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,

Where bombshells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

“Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you,
 swarthy Ned,
 This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutch-
 man's head!
 Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gal-
 lantly;
 And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to
 this and me!”

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain
 brave,—
 A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk
 and glaive;
 He pointed, and he parried, but it was all in vain,
 For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found
 his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel
 bold,
 Bright, through the dust of battle, his helmet flashed
 with gold.
 “Gold is no match for iron,” the doughty blacksmith
 said,
 As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foe-
 man's head.

“Hurrah for gallant Limerick!” black Ned and Moran
 cried,
 As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers
 well they plied.
 A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a
 groan,
 One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was
 thrown.

“Brave smith! brave smith!” cried Sarsfield, “beware
 the treacherous mine!

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely
death is thine!"

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-
stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach,
and all!

Up, like a red volcano, they thundered wild and high,—
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foeman
through the sky;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the
blacksmith fell;—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys—they were avenged
well.

On foeman and defenders a silence gathered down;

'Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook the an-
cient town,

As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and
slew,

And taught King William and his men what Irish
hearts could do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river
side;

He hammered on the foe's pontoon to sink it in the
tide;

The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack
or strain;

"Mavrone! 'twon't break," the blacksmith roared; "I'll
try their heads again!"

He rushed upon the flying ranks—his hammer ne'er
was slack,

For in through blood and bone it crashed, through hel-
met and through jack;—

He's ta'en a Holland captain, beside the red pontoon,
 And "Wait you here," he boldly cries; "I'll send you
 back full soon!

"Dost see this gory hammer? It cracked some skulls
 today,
 And yours 'twill crack if you don't stand and list to
 what I say:—
 Here! take it to your cursed king, and tell him softly
 too,
 'Twould be acquainted with his skull, if he were here,
 not you!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bel-
 lows strong;
 He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no
 song.
 "Ochone! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss
 I'll long deplore,
 But comfort's in my heart—their graves are red with
 foreign gore!"

—*R. D. Joyce.*

The town of Athlone, in the center of Ireland, was twice besieged during the course of the Williamite war—once before the first siege of Limerick and a second time after it. King William, disgusted by his failure at Limerick, had gone to England, whence he sent all necessary supplies to General Ginckle, his commander, in Ireland. The Irish also had received some necessary supplies from France and the services of a brave but vain and unfortunate general officer named St. Ruth. The English advanced upon Athlone, battered

down the walls of the English side of the town, and would have forced their way to the Irish side in Connaught if the heroic bravery of some companies of Irish soldiery had not withstood them. The two portions of the town were connected by a stone bridge over the Shannon. These companies held the English forces at bay in front while their comrades tore down the arches behind. When at last the bridge was destroyed they threw away their arms, leaped into the river and swam to safety. This was a glorious feat, but a still braver one was yet to come. The English managed to repair the bridge with planks, under cover of night and a heavy bombardment. Dismay took possession of the Irish when they discovered what had been done. But a gallant Irish soldier asked if there were ten men willing to die for Ireland. A hundred answered in reply. Sergeant Custume and his ten gallant comrades dashed upon the bridge and set to work. A volley laid them low. Eleven others took their places; another English volley, and nine more are lying dead; but the work is done—Athlone for the time is saved. A romantic legend tells us how well Horatius and his comrades kept the bridge over the Tiber against Lars Porsena, "in the brave days of old," but sober history tells us the story of Custume and his brave comrades. This incident is the subject of the following ballad:

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE. *

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear,
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!

* A. D. 1691.

The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the Leaguers and worn Athlone.

"Break down the bridge!" six warriors rushed
Through the storm of shot and the storm of shell;
With late, but certain, victory flushed
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of fire;
They fell in death, their work half done;
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

"Oh, who for Erin will strike a stroke?
Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar?"
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed;
And four dropped dead, and two remained;
The huge beams groaned, and the arch down
crashed;
Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up and cried,
"I have seen no deed like that in France!"
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,
"They had luck, the dogs! 'Twas a merry chance!"

Oh! many a year upon Shannon's side
They sang upon moor, and they sang upon heath,
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with Death!

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

St. Ruth, through over-confidence, at last lost Athlone, and afterwards the battle of Aughrim on the 12th of July, 1691. He died heading a charge for victory, and as no one knew his plans and Sarsfield had been posted at a distance and commanded not to move without distinct orders, there was no replacing him. The victory that had almost perched upon the Irish banners turned back affrighted and took refuge with the English enemy. The Irish once more fell back upon Limerick. That fated city underwent another siege, this time, however, unsuccessfully, notwithstanding the bravery of citizens and soldiery. Sarsfield made a treaty with General Ginckle, but had hardly done so when he heard that a French fleet had arrived under the walls of Limerick. The Treaty Stone of Limerick is a perennial monument of Irish fidelity and English prevarication; for the treaty was broken before "the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry."

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.*

The treaty stone of Limerick! what mem'ries of the
 past
 Flash'd through my soul, when first on it my eyes I
 fondly cast!
 To see it proudly standing by the lordly Shannon's
 flood,
 And think that there for centuries the grey old stone
 had stood!
 How breathless did I listen while my fancy heard it
 tell,

* A. D. 1691.

Of all that, erst, 'mid strife and storm, the olden town
 befell;
 Since proud Le Gros' bold kinsman crossed the azure
 stream alone,
 Till Chateau Renaud's frigate weighed, besides the
 Treaty Stone.

The Treaty Stone of Limerick! the monument un-
 built,
 Of Irish might, and Irish right—and Saxon shame
 and guilt—
 That saw the Prince of Orange the siege obliged to
 raise,
 And leave his wounded Brandenburghs to perish in
 the blaze,
 When the storied maids and matrons rushed fear-
 less on the foe,
 At the breach where fell their kinsmen, by the side
 of Boisselèau—
 That saw the vet'ran conqueror of Aughrim and
 Athlone
 Forced to comply with D'Usson's terms—the aged
 Treaty Stone.

The Treaty Stone of Limerick! the ancient city's
 pride,
 That oft rang loud with clash of steel, and oft with
 blood was dyed;
 That saw the hope of Lucan's Earl—his own un-
 conquer'd band—
 With stern resolve, but broken hearts, around it take
 their stand,
 That saw him sign the treaty, and saw him sign in
 vain;
 For shamefully 'twas broken, ere the Wild Geese
 reach'd the main,

That witnessed the departure and heard the wild
 Ochone,
 As Louis's ships dropp'd down the tide that washed
 the Treaty Stone.

The Treaty Stone of Limerick!—that oft, with magic
 charm,
 Lit up in wrath the Irish heart, and nerv'd the Irish
 arm.
 What hewed, in scores, at Fontenoy, King George's
 cohorts down,
 But burning thoughts of thee, and home—the treaty
 riven town?
 And oh! how Sarsfield's great heart throbb'd on Lan-
 den's bloody field,
 That fast for thee, for fatherland, his life stream he
 could yield.
 Thrice holier than the treasure robbed by England's
 King from Scone,
 Is the glory of Old Limerick—the hallowed Treaty
 Stone!

—*Anon.*

The Irish soldiers of Limerick were given their choice of transportation to France or service in the armies of King William. Of the 14,000 men who marched out of Limerick only one full regiment and a handful of individual soldiers volunteered for English service. The vast majority chose exile rather than such a degradation. The Irish recruits were known afterwards as the "Wild Geese" and, as we shall see, they did most efficient service for the monarchs under whose banners they fought. The following ballads

represent—the one the manly grief of the exiled soldier, the other the wail of Irish women over the departure of their loved ones:

A SONG OF THE BRIGADE.*

I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook
And hurled it at my household door!
No farewell of my love I took;
I shall see my friends no more.

I dashed across the church-yard bound;
I knelt not by my parents' graves;
There rang from my heart a clarion's sound
That summoned me o'er the waves.

No land to me can native be
That strangers trample and tyrants stain:
When the valleys I loved are cleansed and free
They are mine, they are mine again!

Till then in sunshine and sunless weather,
By Seine and Loire, and, the broad Garonne,
My war-horse and I roam on together
Wherever God wills. On! On!

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

THE WILD GEESE.*

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood
The blush of morning sun appears!
To men who gave for us their blood,
Ah! what can woman give but tears?
How still the field of battle lies!
No shouts upon the breeze are blown!

* A. D. 1691.

We heard our dying country's cries,
 We sit deserted and alone.
 Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
 Ogh hone, etc.
 Ah! what can woman give but tears!

Why thus collected on the strand
 Whom yet the God of mercy saves,
 Will ye forsake your native land?
 Will ye desert your brothers' graves?
 Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
 Oh! guard your orphans and your wives;
 Like us make Erin's cause your own,
 Like us for her yield up your lives.
 Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
 Ogh hone, etc.
 Like us for her yield up your lives.

—*Dr. Drennan.*

As has been already stated, the native Irish princes and the Anglo-Norman nobles built and endowed from their own resources many of the glorious monasteries whose majestic remains are to be found to this day everywhere throughout Ireland in the sad condition portrayed in the following lament. When Henry VIII., of England, fell out with the Pope because he would not declare null his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, and proclaimed himself head of the Church in England, he took occasion from the fact to plunder the monasteries along with persecuting those who resisted his assumption of spiritual authority. His course of procedure was the same in Ireland; men were harassed because of their fidelity to the Pope and the monas-

teries were plundered of their most precious possessions. What began in the days of Henry VIII. continued under his successors until at last every monastic institution was as empty and desolate as that of Timoleague. Many of them are still perfect in outline—but they all speak alike the faith of their founders—the vandalism of their destroyers.

LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY TIMOLEAGUE.

(From the Irish.)

Lone and weary as I wandered by the bleak shore
of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting on the world's hard destiny,
Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer, in the quiet
tide beneath,
For on slumbering spring and blossom breathed not
out of heaven a breath.

On I went in sad dejection, careless where my foot-
steps bore,
Till a ruined church before me opened wide its an-
cient door,—
Till I stood before the portals, where of old were
wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper, alms and hospi-
tality.

Still the ancient seat was standing, built against the
buttress grey,
Where the clergy used to welcome weary trav'lers
on their way;

There I sat me down in sadness, 'neath my cheek
 I placed my hand,
 Till the tears fell hot and briny down upon the grassy
 land.

There, I said in woeful sorrow, weeping bitterly the
 while,
 Was a time when joy and gladness reigned within
 this ruined pile;—
 Was a time when bells were tinkling, clergy preach-
 ing peace abroad,
 Psalms a-singing, music ringing praises to the
 mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel, tower tottering to
 ' your fall,
 Many a storm since then has beaten on the grey head
 of your wall!
 Many a bitter storm and tempest has your roof-tree
 turned away,
 Since you first were formed a temple to the Lord of
 night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables, that were once the coun-
 try's boast,
 Houseless now in weary wandering are your scat-
 tered, saintly host;
 Lone you are to-day, and dismal,—joyful psalms no
 more are heard,
 Where, within your choir, her vesper screeches the
 cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing, nettles round your
 green hearthstone,
 Foxes howl where, in your corners, dropping waters
 make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins used your clergy
forth to call,
There, alas! no tongue is stirring save the daws up-
on the wall.

Refectory cold and empty, dormitory bleak and
bare!

Where are now your pious uses, simple bed and fru-
gal fare?

Gone your abbot, rule, and order, broken down your
altar stones!

Nought I see beneath your shelter, save a heap of
clayey bones.

Oh! the hardship—oh! the hatred, tyranny, and
cruel war,

Persecution and oppression that have left you as you
are!

I myself once also prospered;—mine is, too, an al-
tered plight;

Trouble, care, and age have left me good for nought
but grief to-night.

Gone, my motion and my vigor—gone, the use of
eye and ear;

At my feet lie friends and children powerless and
corrupting here;

Woe is written on my visage, in a nut my heart
would lie—

Death's deliverance were welcome—Father, let the
old man die.

—*Samuel Ferguson.*

The Penal times in their wider acceptation include the years from the perversion of Henry VIII. in the sixteenth century to the emancipation of Catholics in

the nineteenth century—a period of well nigh 300 years. In the more confined sense they commence with the surrender of Limerick and the departure of the Irish regiments for France. As Godkin, a Protestant historian, says: “There was established a code framed with the most diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection—to foster perfidy and hypocrisy—to petrify conscience—to perpetuate brutal ignorance—to facilitate the work of tyranny by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish character.” The priest and schoolmaster were banned. No Catholic could be a member of Parliament or member of a learned profession, could be a juror or even a common soldier, could own a decent farm or inherit free-hold property, or even own a horse worth more than twenty-five dollars. The head of a priest and the head of a wolf were valued at the same price, and the meanest product of hatred—the priest hunter—was encouraged. Education was also peremptorily forbidden. “One statute prohibited a Papist from instructing another; another prohibited a Protestant from instructing a Papist; a third provided that no Papist should be sent out of Ireland to receive instruction. If these three laws had been duly capped by a fourth ordering for execution every Papist who neglected to provide a first-class education for his children, the whole edifice would have been beautifully complete and symmetrical.” But the priest managed somehow to remain, so did the schoolmaster, though the altar was often a rude rock, and the school a secluded corner under a hedge. So the faith

was kept alive and the light of knowledge was not completely extinguished. The history of the world has nothing more cruel to show than the Penal laws.

THE PENAL TIME.

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's breast,
 A dreary load, a ruthless code, with wasting terrors
 press'd—
 Our gentry, stripp'd of land and clan, sent exiles o'er
 the main,
 To turn the scales on foreign fields for foreign monarch's gain—
 Our people trod like vermin down, all fenceless flung
 to sate
 Extortion, lust and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot
 hate—
 Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons
 chased and lashed,
 And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice
 dashed;
 In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling
 woe and thrall,
 There stood supreme one foul device, one engine
 worse than all:
 Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought
 to make a brute—
 They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's voice be mute.
 God's second priest, the Teacher—sent to feed men's
 mind with lore—
 They marked a price upon his head, as on the priest's
 before.
 Well, well they knew that never, face to face beneath the sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them
 should die:
 That lettered slaves will link their might until their
 murmurs grow
 To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail
 to know;
 That men who learn will learn their strength, the
 weakness of their lords—
 Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapt like
 Samson's cords.
 This well they knew, and called the power of ignor-
 ance to aid:
 So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless
 serfs be made—
 When Irish memories, hopes and thoughts, were
 withered, branch and stem—
 A race of abject, soulless serfs to hew and draw for
 them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus
 decay
 The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling
 lay;
 Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest
 fields on earth.
 And gave the type of deathless hope, the little Sham-
 rock, birth;
 Still faithful to the holy Church, her direst straits
 among,
 To one another faithful still, the priests and people
 clung,
 And Christ was worshipped, and received with
 trembling haste and fear,
 In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of
 blood-hounds near;

Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or
 stretched on mountain fern,
 The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously to
 learn;
 Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling
 music twined
 A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note en-
 shrined:
 And still beside the smouldering turf were fond tra-
 ditions told
 Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power
 and faith of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled
 —could they fail?
 For what were freedom's blessed worth, if slavery
 wrought not bale?
 As thrall and want, and ignorance, still deep and
 deeper grew,
 What marvel weakness, gloom and strife fell dark
 amongst us too,
 And servile thoughts, that measure not the inborn
 wealth of man—
 And servile cringe, and subterfuge to 'scape our
 master's ban!—
 And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to
 steep—
 And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh, one
 could pause and weep!
 'Mid all the darkness, faith in Heaven still shone a
 saving ray,
 And Heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose
 its own good day.
 Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan
 strength of soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us
 and control.
 The other at a later time, on gentler mission
 came,
 To make our noblest glory spring from out our sad-
 dest shame!
 On all our wondrous, upward course hath Heaven
 its finger set,
 And we—but, oh, my countrymen, there's much be-
 fore us yet!

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious
 Island yields—
 Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren
 fields,
 The all unused mechanic-might our rushing streams
 afford,
 The buried treasure of our mines, our sea's unvalued
 hoard!
 But, oh, there is one piteous waste whence all the
 rest have grown,
 One worse neglect, the mind of man left desert and
 unsown.
 Send knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to
 cast its seeds,
 The nurse of energy and hope, of manly thoughts
 and deeds.
 Let it go forth: right soon will spring those forces
 in its train
 That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle
 earth and main—
 Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with
 gold,

A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine
 unfold;
 Let it go forth unstained, and purged from pride's
 unholy leaven,
 With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly
 bent to Heaven.

Deep let it sink in Irish hearts, the story of their
 Isle,
 And awaken thoughts of tenderest love, and burning
 love the while;
 And press upon us, one by one, the fruits of English
 sway,
 And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our
 fight to-day;
 And show our father's constancy by truest instinct
 led,
 To loathe and battle with the power that on their
 substance fed;
 And let it place beside our own the world's vast page,
 to tell
 That never lived the nation yet could rule another
 well.
 Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength, no feeling
 vague and blind,
 But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on
 the mind.
 Let it go forth a mightier foe to England's power
 than all
 The rifles of America—the armaments of Gaul!
 It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart
 its way;
 'Tis God's own light—all heavenly bright—we care
 not who says nay!

—*John O'Hagan.*

We must not imagine, however, that Ireland in the seventeenth century, notwithstanding all it had to undergo in the way of persecution and the repression of learning, was entirely devoid of scholarly men who have made their mark in the literary world. True, their education was not obtained in Ireland, but in the foreign schools which were placed by friends of Ireland at the service of Irish youth, chiefly at Louvain, in Belgium, Valladolid and Salamanca, in Spain, and various parts of France. Florence Conroy, Archbishop of Tuam, a man of considerable theological and literary attainments; Dr. Geoffrey Keating, author of a well known History of Ireland; Luke Wadding, author of the "Annals of the Friars' Minor;" David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, and Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, were all conspicuous during the seventeenth century as men of action, but also as men of literary worth. Perhaps the work of all others that is most prized—not indeed as a work of literary art, to which it has not the slightest pretensions—but as a monument of industry and most valuable historical data is the "Annals of the Four Masters," compiled by a Franciscan monk of Donegal, Michael O'Clery, with the help of three laymen, Conary and Cucogry O'Clery and Ferfeasa O'Mulconry. The Irish Franciscans of this period deserve special mention for their work in connection with Irish hagiography. Father Hugh Ward wrote a life of St. Romuald and Father John Colgan is the author of the "Acts of the Irish Saints," etc.

THE FOUR MASTERS.

(Seventeenth Century.)

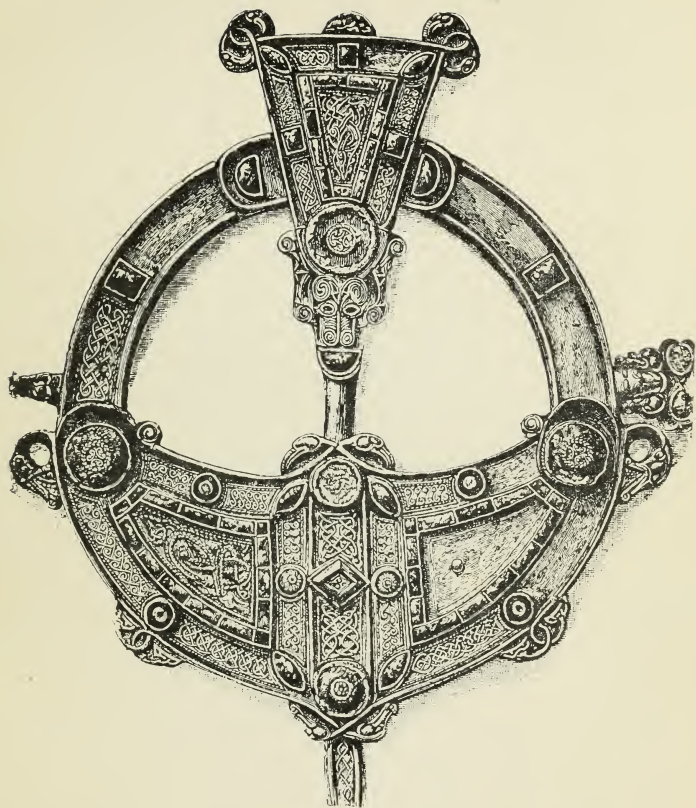
Many altars are in Banva, *
 Many chancels are hung in white,
 Many schools and many abbeys,
 Glorious in our fathers' sight;
 Yet whene'er I go a pilgrim
 Back, dear Native Isle, to thee,
 May my filial footsteps bear me
 To that Abbey by the sea—
 To that Abbey—roofless, doorless,
 Shrineless, monkless, though it be!

These are days of swift up-building;
 All to pride and triumph tends;
 Art is liegeman to Religion;—
 Wealth on Genius now attends.
 As the day-beam to the sailor,
 Lighting up the wrecker's shore—
 So the present lustre shineth
 And our dangers all are o'er—
 But no gleam rests on that Abbey,
 Silent by Tirconnel's shore.

Yet I hear them in my musings,
 And I see them as I gaze,—
 Four meek men around the dresset,
 Reading scrolls of other days;
 Four unwearied scribes who treasure
 Every word and every line—
 Saving every ancient sentence
 As if writ by hands divine.

On their calm down-bended foreheads
 Tell me what it is you read?

* Name of Ireland.



TARA BROOCH

Is there malice, or ambition,
 Selfish will, or selfish deed?
 Oh, no, no! the angel Duty
 Sheds his light within these walls;
 And their four worn right hands follow
 Where the Angel's radiance falls.

Not of fame, and not of fortune,
 Do these eager pensmen dream;
 Darkness shrouds the hills of Banva,
 Sorrow sits by every stream;
 One by one the lights that lead her,
 Hour by hour, are quenched in gloom;
 But the patient, sad Four Masters,
 Toil on in their lonely room—
 Duty still defying Doom.

As the breathing of the west winds
 Over bound and bearded sheaves—
 As the murmur in the bee-hives
 Softly heard on summer eves—
 So the rustle of the vellum,—
 So the anxious voices sound;—
 While a deep expectant silence
 Seems to listen all around.

Brightly on the Abbey gable
 Shines the full moon thro' the night,
 While afar to northward glances
 All the bay in waves of light:
 Tufted isle and splinter'd headland
 Smile and soften in her ray;
 Yet within their dusky chamber
 The meek Masters toil away,
 Finding all too short the day.

Now they kneel ! oh, list the accents,
 From the soul of mourners wrung ;
 Hear the soaring aspirations
 In the old ancestral tongue ;
 For the houseless sons of chieftains,
 For their brethren near and far,
 For the mourning Mother Island
 These their aspirations are.

And they say before up-rising :
 "Father ! grant one other pray'r.
 Bless the Lord of Moy—O'Gara !
 Bless his lady and his heir !
 Send the generous Chief, whose bounty
 Cheers, sustains us, in our task,
 Health, success, renown, salvation :
 Father ! grant the prayer we ask."

Oh, that we, who now inherit
 The great bequest of their toil,—
 Were but fit to trace their footsteps
 Through the annals of the Isle ;
 Oh, that the same angel, Duty,
 Guardian of our tasks might be ;
 Teach us, as she taught our Masters,
 Faithful, grateful, just, to be :—
 As she taught the old Four Masters
 In the Abbey by the sea !

—*T. D. McGee.*

Many of the soldiers who had fought at the Boyne, Athlone and Aughrim remained behind in Ireland when Sarsfield's regiments sailed away for France. Some of these banded themselves together under capable leaders and managed, from time to time, to make things un-

pleasant for their English and Protestant neighbors. To the Irish peasantry they were always favorable, and in turn received whatever help or countenance the peasantry were able to impart. The names of Galloping Hogan and Redmond O'Hanlon are to this day household words in some parts of Ireland. They were known as Rapparees, and, though half robber and half soldier, they played a part in the tragedy of Ireland.

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

(A Peasant Ballad of 1591.)

Righ* Shemus he has gone to France and left his
crown behind :—

Ill-luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin'
in his mind!

Lord Lucan followed after, with his slashers brave
and true,

And now, the doleful keen is raised—"What will
poor Ireland do?

What must poor Ireland do?

Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What can
poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers
still,

For Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on
the hill;

And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than
these—

May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rap-
parees!

The fearless Rapparees!

The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rap-
parees!

* Pronounced Ree.

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than
 the clay!
 Oh, high's your head, Clan Sassanach, since Sars-
 field's gone away!
 It's little love you bear to us for sake of long
 ago—
 But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a
 deadly blow—
 Can strike a mortal blow.
 Och! dhar-a-Chreesth! 'tis she that still could strike
 the deadly blow!

The Master's bawn, the Master's seat, a surly bodach
 fills;
 The Master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the
 hills;
 But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick
 as summer bees,
 The swords that guarded Limerick walls—his loyal
 Rapparees!
 His lovin' Rapparees!
 Who dare say no to Rory Oge, who heads the Rap-
 parees!

Black Billy Grimes, of Latnamard, he racked us
 long and sore—
 God rest the faithful hearts he broke, we'll never see
 them more!
 But I'll go bail he'll break no more while Truagh has
 gallows-trees,
 For why? He met one lonesome night the awful Rap-
 parees!
 The angry Rapparees!
 They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the
 Rapparees.

Now, Sassanach, and Cromweller, take heed of what
 I say—
 Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn
 us night and day;
 For there's a just and wrathful judge that every
 action sees,
 And he'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faith-
 ful Rapparees!
 The fearless Rapparees!
 The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the changeless
 Rapparees!

—*Charles Gavan Duffy.*

The fame of the Irish soldiers who took service in continental armies after the surrender of Limerick is well known and generally admitted. For whatever cause they fought, their valour was unquestioned and unquestionable. Many a time it fell to their lot to strike a hard blow to England's power as did Sarsfield on the field of Landen, who fell wounded and dying when in victorious pursuit of the English forces. But alas! though their worth was appreciated, Ireland, the mother whom they loved, was not in any way bettered by their efforts. The bones of Irish soldiery strew the battle-fields of Europe.

For on far foreign field from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
 Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

That the exiled Irish won laurels in peace as in war
 the courts of Europe to this day are witness—for we
 have O'Donnells, and Taafes, McMahons, Nugents,

O'Neills and others prominent in the councils of the nations to which they now belong.

Two of the occasions on which the Irish Brigade in the service of France particularly distinguished itself are commemorated in the following ballads. The town of Cremona, in Italy, held by the French forces, had been surprised by Prince Eugene, acting in the interest of King William. It was rescued mainly through the efforts of the Irish soldiers. The battle of Fontenoy was almost lost to the French, but the day was saved by the headlong valour of the Irish Brigade, and what threatened to be an overwhelming disaster was changed into a most glorious victory. King Louis, of France, it is said, rode down to the Irish bivouac to thank the Irish Brigade in person, while George II., of England, when he heard the cause of the disaster to the English arms, exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA.*

From Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,
And soft are the beds in his princely abode;
In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,
And loose is the watch the sentinels keep;
'Tis the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze
Of that mid-winter night on the flat Cremonese;
A fig for precaution!—Prince Eugene sits down
In winter cantonments round Mantua town.

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,
Horse, foot and dragoons are defiling amain

* A. D. 1702.

"That flash," said Prince Eugene, "Count Merci, push on"—

Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.
Proud mutters the prince—"That is Cassioli's sign:
Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona 'll be mine—
For Merci will open the gate of the Po,
But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will show!"

Through gate, street, and square, with his keen cavaliers—

A flood through a gully—Count Merci careers;
They ride without getting or giving a blow.
Nor halt 'till they gaze on the gate of the Po:
"Surrender the gate"—but a volley replied,
For a handful of Irish are posted inside.
By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come rather late,
If he stay till Count Merci shall open that gate!

But in through St. Margaret's the Austrians pour,
And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore;
Unarmed and naked the soldiers are slain—
There's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein—
"A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse—
Release me Mac Donnell!"—they hold on their course.
Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall
Prince Eugene's headquarters are in the town hall!

Here and there, through the city, some readier band,
For honor, and safety, undauntedly stand.

At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke
Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.
His sabre is flashing—the major is drest,
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!
Yet they rushed to the ramparts—the clocks have tolled ten—

And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men.

"In on them," said Freidberg,—and Dillon is broke,
 Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak ;
 Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go ;—
 But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow.
 Upon them with grapple, with bay'net, and ball,
 Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen fall—
 Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,
 And black from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

Oh, hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?
 In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succor you lean!
 The bridge has been broken, and mark! how pell-mell
 Come riderless horses, and volley and yell!—
 He's a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands—
 He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
 He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
 He is chased through the gates by the Irish Brigade.

News, news, in Vienna!—King Leopold's sad.
 News, news, in St. James'!—King William is mad.
 News, news, in Versailles!—"Let the Irish Brigade
 Be royally honored, and royally paid."
 News, news, in old Ireland—high rises her pride,
 And high sounds her wail for her children who died,
 And deep is her prayer,—“God send I may see
 Mac Donnell and Mahony fighting for me.”

—*Thomas Davis.*

FONTENOY.*

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column
 failed,
 And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in
 vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking
 battery,

* A. D. 1745.

And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch
 auxiliary.
 As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British sol-
 diers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and
 dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious
 eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to
 try ;
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at
 eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread.
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at
 their head ;
 Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb
 the hill ;
 Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right on-
 ward still
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace
 blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets
 showering fast
 And on the open plain they rose, and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hos-
 tile force :
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
 ranks—
 They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
 ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush
 round ;

As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew
the ground;

Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on
they marched and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltiguer re-
tired.

“Push on, my household cavalry!” King Louis madly
cried:

To death they rush, but rude their shock—not un-
avenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis
turns his rein;

“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish troops
remain;”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and
true.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish, there are
your Saxon foes!”

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he
goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who’re wont to
be so gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts
today—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith ’twas writ
could dry.

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women’s parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their coun-
try overthrown,—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him
alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud
exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he com-
mands,

"Fix bay'nets"—"Charge"—Like mountain storm, rush
on these fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their vol-
leys grow,

Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make
a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-
wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men
behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the
surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke,

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! Remember Limerick! dash down the Sas-
sanach."

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's
pang,

Right up against the English line the Irish exiles
sprang:

Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are
filled with gore;

Through scattered ranks, and severed files, and
trampled flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused,
rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with
dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous
wrack.

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won!

—*Thomas Davis.*

The Irish Volunteers, originally enrolled for the purpose of repelling French invasion of the north of Ireland, became the chief agency in the national development of Ireland. At a convention held in the town of Dungannon, they declared that no power save the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland had power to legislate for the Irish people. At the instance of Henry Grattan the same principle was enunciated by the Irish Parliament, and was reluctantly admitted by King George III., of England, on the advice of Charles James Fox, and the English Whigs who were then in power. With national freedom commenced a period of prosperity for Ireland that never before or since was equalled. Ireland owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Volunteers. Largely owing to dissensions among their leaders they lost their influence and power, and the organization came to an end to be succeeded in a short time by the United Irishmen.

THE DUNGANNON CONVENTION.*

The church of Dungannon is full to the door,
And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,
While helmet and shako are ranged all along,
Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.

* A. D. 1782.

In front of the altar no minister stands,
 And though solemn the looks and the voices around,
 You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.
 Say what do they hear in the temple of prayer?
 Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

Sad, wounded and wan was the face of our Isle,
 By English oppression, and falsehood and guile!
 Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,
 To guard it for England the North volunteered.
 From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast—
 Still they stood to their guns when the danger had
 passed;
 For the voice of America came o'er the wave,
 Crying woe to the tyrant, and hope to the slave!
 Indignation and shame through their regiments
 speed,
 They have arms in their hands, what more do they
 need?

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are
 spread,
 The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,
 The valleys of Munster with ardor are stirred,
 And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have
 heard;
 A Protestant front-rank and Catholic rear—
 For forbidden the arms of freedom to bear—
 Yet foeman and friend are full sure, if need be,
 The slave of his country will stand by the free.
 By green flags supported, the orange flags wave,
 And the soldier half turns to unfetter the slave!

More honored that church of Dungannon is now
 Than when at its altar communicants bow;
 More welcome to Heaven than anthem or prayer,

Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors there;
 In the name of all Ireland the Delegates swore—
 “We’ve suffered too long, and we’ll suffer no more—
 Unconquered by force, we were vanquished by
 fraud;

And now in God’s temple, we vow unto God,
 That never again shall the Englishman bind
 His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our mind.”

The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
 No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor,
 But the counsels of England are fluttered to see,
 In the cause of their country the Irish agree;
 So they give as a boon what they dare not with-
 hold,

And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old.
 With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her own,
 And an army to fight for the people and throne.
 But woe worth the day, if to falsehood or fears,
 She surrender the guns of her brave volunteers!

—*Thomas Davis.*

THE VOLUNTEERS.

“Mother—dear mother, tell me what meant the proud
 array
 Of armed men and prancing steeds which passed
 yon mountain way?
 And who was he of noble mien and brow of lordly
 pride,
 Who rode, like warrior chief of old, that gallant band
 beside?

“Marked you how lighted up his eye, as in the noon-
 day sun
 Their silken banners flutter’d wide and flash’d each
 polish’d gun,

And how with gentle courtesy he oft and lowly
bowed,
As rang the brazen trumpets out, and cheer'd th' as-
sembled crowd?

"Methinks the Spartan chief who fell at famed Ther-
mopylae,
Of whom we read but yesternight was such a man
as he—
The same proud port and eagle eye—the same de-
termined frown,
And supple arm to shield a friend or strike a foeman
down.

"And then those troops as on they passed, in proud
and glittering show,
Seemed worthy of the chief who led—'twere pity of
the foe
Who roused to wrath their slumbering might, or
wronged our own green land—
I'd promise them a scattered host with many a
shivered brand."

"You're right, dear Mabel, for the chief who leads
that warrior host
Is Grattan—high and honored name—thy country's
proudest boast;
And they whose closely marshalled ranks the people
hailed with cheers,
Thy country's soldier-citizens—the gallant Volun-
teers."

"Then why, dear mother—tell me why those Volun-
teers arose?
Was it to guard some sacred right, or to repel our
foes?

For I have heard my father say he dreaded England's
word
And English perfidy far more than foreign foeman's
sword."

"They rose to guard from foreign foes—as well as
from British guile—
Thy liberties and mine, my child, and all within this
Isle;
To make this glorious land of ours—those hills we
love so well,
A fitting home and resting place where freedom's
foot might dwell.

"They rose and swore by Freedom's name, by kin-
dred and by kind,
No foreign rule, no foreign guile, their country's
limbs should bind—
That she should stand erect and fair, as in the olden
time,
The loveliest 'mong the nations—of Ocean's Isles the
prime.

"That they have nobly kept this pledge, bear witness
one and all,
The bootless plots of England, the baffled hosts of
Gaul.
That they may long be spared to guard our country's
rights divine,
Should be your prayer at night and morn, my child,
as it is mine."

—*M. O. B.*

On the suppression of the Volunteers the society known as United Irishmen was instituted. Its object was the reformation of the Irish Parliament, which was

a distinctly Protestant institution, and the emancipation of Irish Catholics. To obtain their demands the United Irishmen determined to appeal to arms if necessary. Consequently they armed themselves with pikes and other weapons and drilled as best they could. They even sent emissaries to France to request assistance, which was promised and in due time despatched. Wolfe Tone was perhaps the leading spirit of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald at first and afterwards Robert Emmet, the most picturesque. The outcome was the rebellion of 1798, hastened by unendurable outrages inflicted on the people. When the rebellion was subdued William Pitt, the English Minister, and Lord Castlereagh, his Irish agent, through bribery and fraud, passed the iniquitous measure of legislative union with England through the Irish Parliament. The following ballads show the spirit of the Irish peasantry at this time. "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" written by a Trinity College man, shows Ireland's sentiment fifty years after.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

"That rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long?
 The handle of the best of ash,
 Is smooth and straight and strong;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown
 When to make the hay, in summertime,
 I climbed to take it down?"

She looked into her husband's eyes,
 While her own with light did fill,
 "You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lightning up
 The slopes of Sliav-na-man,—
 Whose foot affrights the startled hares
 So long before the dawn?
 He stopped just where the Anner's stream
 Winds up the woods, anear,
 Then whistled low and looked around
 To see the coast was clear.
 The sheeling door flew open—
 In he stepped with right good-will—
 "God save all here and bless your WORK,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween,
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green;
 And there was one amongst them
 Who grasped him by the hand—
 One who through all that weary time
 Roamed on a foreign stand;
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill—
 "My soul! I never doubted them!"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet not song nor shout I heard,
 No revelers were they;
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 While some were grimly pale;

But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail!
 "And sing us now about the vow,
 They swore for to fulfill"—
 "You'll read it yet in history,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle
 He took down from where it hung,
 The toothed rake, full scornfully,
 Into the fire he flung;
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again—
 (Oh! for a hundred thousand of such weapons and
 such men!)
 Right soldierly he wielded it,
 And—going through his drill—
 "‘Attention’—‘charge’—‘front point’—‘advance,’"
 Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride,
 With pride and woman's fears;
 She flew to him, she clung to him,
 And dried away her tears;
 He feels her pulse beat truly,
 While her arms around him twine—
 "Now God be praised for your stout heart,
 Brave little wife of mine."
 He swung his first born in the air,
 While joy his heart did fill—
 "You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,"
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
 And stronger than the wind;
 And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,

Before the might of mind;
 The poet and the orator
 The heart of man can sway,
 And would to the kind heavens
 That Wolfe Tone were here to-day
 Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength—
 Her truest strength—is still
 The rough and ready roving boys,
 Like Rory of the Hill.

—*Charles Kickham.*

THE CROPPY BOY.

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
 To a stranger bouchal, I pray you tell
 Is the priest at home? or may he be seen?
 I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
 'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
 But you must wait, till I go and see
 If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered the empty hall—
 What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
 And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
 With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins;
 "Nomine Dei" the youth begins;
 At "mea culpa" he beats his breast,
 And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
 And at Gorey my loving brothers all;

I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day—
At mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the church-yard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The priest said naught, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look up in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:—
"'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The priest's in one, if he isn't shot—
We hold his house for our Lord and King,
And, amen say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

—*Carroll Malone.*

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave or half a slave
 Who slights his country thus:
 But a true man, like you man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;
 All, all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died;
 And true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 But though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell, and passed away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory! may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
 Though sad as theirs, your fate;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

—*J. K. Ingram.*

Robert Emmet, the gallant youth who forfeited his life for Ireland, has won his way to the undying love of Ireland by his undaunted bearing in the dock and by the appealing eloquence of his last speech. He was the accepted lover of Sarah Curran, the beautiful daughter of John Philpot Curran, one of the greatest of Ireland's advocates and patriots. The pathos of their sad fate is well expressed in the following short poems. Robert Emmet was hanged in Dublin, 20th of September, 1803. He was then only twenty-four years of age.

EMMET'S DEATH.

"He dies today," said the heartless judge,
 Whilst he sat him down to the feast,

And a smile was upon his ashy lip
 As he uttered a ribald jest;
 For a demon dwelt where his heart should be,
 That lived upon blood and sin,
 And oft as that vile judge gave him food
 The demon throbbed within.

"He dies today," said the gaoler grim,
 Whilst a tear was in his eye;
 "But why should I feel so grieved for him?
 Sure, I've seen many die!
 Last night I went to his stony cell,
 With the scanty prison fare—
 He was sitting at a table rude,
 Plaiting a lock of hair!
 And he look'd so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 And he spoke in so kind a way,
 That my old breast heav'd with a smothering feel,
 And I knew not what to say!"

"He dies today," thought a fair, sweet girl—
 She lacked the life to speak,
 For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lips and cheek—
 Despair had drunk up her last wild tear,
 And her brow was damp and chill,
 And they often felt at her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

—*Anon.*

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are 'round her sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking ;—
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

—*Thomas Moore.*

No wonder Thomas Moore penned this lament for the death of Henry Grattan! for, though a Protestant himself, he was one of the greatest of Irish patriots and one of the best friends of the down-trodden Catholics. He it was who, as he said himself, found Ireland on her knees and watched over her with perpetual solicitude until she stood erect, a thriving nation. With all his strength he opposed the union of Ireland and England. In the interest of his countrymen he became a member of the English Parliament. His last journey to London was taken in the hope of furthering relief for Catholics by an appeal to Parliament, which, however, he did not live to make. He died on the 4th of June, 1820, aged seventy-three years, and as he had

won a reputation not merely as one of the greatest of Irishmen, but as one of the world's greatest orators, he was interred in Westminster Abbey.

LAMENT FOR GRATAN.*

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
 crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost;

What a union of all the affections and powers
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch
 sublime—
 Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all-time;

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom
 And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

* Born 3rd July, 1746. Died 4th June, 1820.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the
source

Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
shone thro'

As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the
crowd,

In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which
bow'd,

As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory,
through blame,

In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

Oh, no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is
shrined—

O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," as he was lovingly
called by the Irish people, because he forced Catholic
Emancipation from a reluctant English king and gov-

ernment, was born near Caherciveen, County Kerry, 6th of August, 1775, and died on the 15th of May, 1847, at Geneva, after a long and strenuous career. Educated in France, he studied law in Ireland; became a United Irishman and an advocate of emancipation; but was, before all, a repealer—for as he once said, he would accept cheerfully the re-enacting of the entire Penal Code in exchange for Repeal of the Union. In 1829 he succeeded in winning emancipation of Catholics, and then set out to win Repeal, and kept up his agitation till the end of his life. He was a man of wonderful energy and power—a great pleader in the Courts of Justice, a mighty orator like Henry Grattan, and an utterly fearless advocate in and out of Parliament of the rights of Ireland.

DARRYNANE.

Where foams the white torrent, and rushes the rill,
Down the murmuring slopes of the echoing hill—
Where the eagle looks out from his cloud-crested crags,
And the caverns resound with the pantings of stags—
Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
With the foam of its waves like the snowy fenane—
Oh! that is the region of wild Darrynane!

Oh! fair are the islets of tranquil Glengariff,
And wild are the sacred recesses of Scariff—
And beauty, and wildness, and grandeur, commingle
By Bantry's broad bosom, and wave-wasted Dingle;
But wild as the wildest, and fair as the fairest,
And lit by a lustre that thou alone wearest—

And dear to the eye and the free heart of man
Are the mountains and valleys of wild Darrynane!

And who is the Chief of this lordly domain?
Does a slave hold the land where a monarch might
reign?

Oh! no, by St. Finbar, nor cowards, nor slaves,
Could live in the sound of these free, dashing waves!
A Chieftain, the greatest the world has e'er known—
Laurel his coronet—true hearts his throne—
Knowledge his sceptre—a Nation his clan—
O'Connell, the Chieftain of proud Darrynane!

A thousand bright streams on the mountains awake,
Whose waters unite in O'Donoghue's Kake—
Streams of Glanflesk and the dark Gishadine
Filling the heart of that valley divine!
Then rushing in one mighty artery down
To the limitless ocean by murmuring Lowne!
Thus nature unfolds in her mystical plan
A type of the Chieftain of wild Darrynane!

In him ev'ry pulse of our bosoms unite—
Our hatred of wrong and our worship of right—
The hopes that we cherish, the ills we deplore,
All centre within his heart's inmost core,
Which gathered in one mighty current, are flung
To the ends of the earth from his thunder-toned
tongue!

Till the Indian looks up, and the valiant Afghan
Draws his sword at the echo from far Darrynane!

But here he is only the friend and the father,
Who from children's sweet lips truest wisdom can
gather,
And seeks from the large heart of Nature to borrow

Rest for the present and strength for the morrow!
 Oh! who that e'er saw him with children about him,
 And heard his soft tones of affection, could doubt him?
 My life on the truth of the heart of the man
 That throbs like the Chieftain's of wild Darrynane!

Oh! wild Darrynane, on the ocean-washed shore,
 Shall the glad song of mariners echo once more?
 Shall the merchants, and minstrels, and maidens of
 Spain,
 Once again in their swift ships come over the main?
 Shall the soft lute be heard, and the gay youths of
 France
 Lead our blue-eyed young maidens again to the dance?
 Graceful and shy as thy fawns, Killenane,
 Are the mind-moulded maidens of far Darrynane!

Dear land of the South, as my mind wandered o'er
 All the joys I have felt by the magical shore,
 From those lakes of enchantment by oak-clad Glenna
 To the mountainous passes of bold Iveragh!
 Like the birds which are lured to a haven of rest,
 By those rocks far away on the ocean's bright breast—
 Thus my thoughts love to linger, as memory ran
 O'er the mountains and valleys of wild Darrynane!
 (1844) —D. F. McCarthy.

A man who has left his mark for all time on Irish literature and history, more, perhaps, from his influence upon others than even from his own achievements, was Thomas Davis. Of Welsh ancestry, he was born in Ireland, and certainly no one ever loved his native land with a purer or nobler affection. When he died

he was only a young man, but he had gathered around him a band of young men of remarkable literary ability, including Gavan Duffy, Dillon, Mangan, O'Hagan, Mitchell, Dalton-Williams, and many others. They were called Young Irelanders in contra-distinction to the older followers of O'Connell, from whom in some degree they differed.

THOMAS DAVIS.*

I walked through Ballinderry in the Springtime,
 When the bud was on the tree ;
 And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
 The sowers striding free,
 Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
 On the quick, seed-clasping soil,
 Even such, this day, among the fresh stirred hearts of
 Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil !

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
 And I saw the salmon leap ;
 And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
 Spring glittering from the deep,
 Through the spray, and through the prone heaps,
 Striving onward, to the calm, clear streams above,
 So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, *Thomas*
Davis,
 In the brightness of strength and love !

I stood on Derrybawn in the Autumn,
 And I heard the eagle call,
 With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
 That filled the wide mountain hall,

* Born 1814. Died 1845.

O'er the bare, deserted place of his plundered eyrie;
 And I said, as he screamed and soared,
 So callest thou, thou wrathful, soaring, *Thomas Davis*,
 For a nation's rights restored!

And, alas, to think but now, and thou art lying,
 Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
 And I, no mother near, on my own sick bed,
 That face on earth shall never see;
 I may lie and try to feel that I am dreaming not—
 I may lie and try to say, "Thy will be done."
 But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
 For the loss of the noble son!

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
 In the fresh track of danger's plough!
 Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
 Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now?
 Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowl-
 edge
 The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
 Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful plant-
 ing
 Against the resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
 That swells round Erin's shore!
 Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
 Of bigotry and hate no more;
 Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,
 Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
 Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their
 raging,
 Where troubled waters never come!

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
 That thy wrathful cry is still;
 And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners
 Are heard today on Erin's hill;
 Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray!)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal
 Thy warm heart should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then;
 And songless long once more should often-widowed
 Erin
 Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
 To make Erin a nation yet;
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong—
 And if God grant this, then, under God, to *Thomas*
Davis,
 Let the greater praise belong.

—*Samuel Ferguson.*

Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, as he is called, was born at Thomastown, near Kilkenny, 10th of October, 1790. He early determined to become a priest, and after some years spent at Maynooth Col-

lege, entered the Capuchin Order. He was a man of great zeal and piety, and from the moment when he took up the temperance cause at the request of William Martin, of Cork, he never ceased to carry on the crusade against intoxicants 'till his death. His success was phenomenal, not merely in Ireland, but in England and Scotland. He even came to America and made a tour through the country that was productive of much good. He died at Queenstown on the 8th of December, 1856, and was buried at Cork.

FATHER MATHEW.*

(To a painter about to commence a picture illustrating the labours of Father Mathew.)

Seize thy pencil, child of art!
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
 Great thy hand and great thy heart,
 If well thou dost the work before thee!
 'Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory;
 'Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown'd—where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee is given
 To paint, in colours all unclouded,
 Breakings of a radiant heaven
 O'er an isle in darkness shrouded!
 But to paint them true and well,
 Every ray we see them shedding
 In its very light must tell
 What a gloom before was spreading.

* Born 1790. Died 1856.

Can'st thou picture dried-up tears—
 Eyes that wept no longer weeping—
 Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
 Lonely, nightly vigils keeping—
 Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—
 Hoping him she loves returning?
 Can'st thou, then, depict her joy,
 That we may know the change from mourn-
 ing?

Paint in colours strong, but mild,
 Our isle's Redeemer and Director—
 Can'st thou paint the man a child,
 Yet shadow forth the mighty Victor?
 Let his path a rainbow span,
 Every hue and colour blending—
 Beaming "peace and love" to man,
 And alike o'er all extending!

Can'st thou paint a land made free—
 From its sleep of bondage woken—
 Yet, withal, that we may see
 What 'twas before the chain was broken?
 Seize thy pencil, child of art!
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou dost the work before thee!
—Anon.

In the year 1845 a blight destroyed the potato crop in Ireland, and as this was, owing to conditions over which the poor people had no control, the chief article of diet, a famine ensued which lasted in all nearly three years. Thousands of people died of hunger—

other thousands of famine fever; while yet other thousands lost their lives in emigrant ships or were cast helpless and dying upon foreign shores. The horrors of the famine years can never be forgotten, for they have left upon Ireland a mark that can never be obliterated. The most cruel feature of the famine was the hoarding and exportation of grain while the people were dying from hunger, and the easy indifference of an alien government that long turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress.

THE FAMINE YEAR.

Weary men, what reap ye?—"Golden corn for the stranger."

What sow ye—"Human corpses that await for the Avenger."

Fainting forms, all hunger-stricken, what see you in the offing?

"Stately ships to bear our food away, amid the stranger's scoffing."

There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your door?

"They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the poor."

Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—"Would to God that we were dead—

Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them bread."

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant faces.

God meant you but to smile within your mother's soft embraces.

“Oh, we know not what is smiling, and we know not
 what is dying;
 But we’re hungry, very hungry, and we cannot stop
 our crying;
 And some of us grow cold and white—we know not
 what it means.
 But as they lie beside us, we tremble in our dreams.”
 ‘There’s a gaunt crowd on the highway—are ye come
 to pray to man,
 With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words
 your faces wan?

“No; the blood is dead within our veins, we care not
 now for life;
 Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children and
 from wife;
 We cannot stay to listen to their ravings, famished
 cries—
 Bread! Bread! Bread!—and none to still their agonies.
 We left an infant playing with her dead mother’s
 hand;
 We left a maiden, maddened by the fever’s scorching
 brand;
 Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thy own dark-
 twisted tresses!
 Better, infant, thou wert smothered in thy mother’s
 first caresses.

“We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our
 groan;
 Yea, if fellow-men desert us, He will hearken from
 His throne!
 Accursed are we in our own land, yet we toil still and
 toil;
 But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns
 our soil.

O, Christ, how have we sinned, that on our native
 plains
 We perish houseless, naked, starved, with branded
 brow, like Cain's?
 Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
 Dying as a dog would die by the wayside as we go.

“One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces
 to the sky;
 We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let
 them lie.
 The wild bird, when he's stricken, is mourned by the
 others,
 But we, we die in Christian land—we die amid our
 brothers—
 In the land which God has given—like a wild beast in
 his cave.
 Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
 Ha! but think ye the contortions on each dead face
 ye see
 Shall not be read on judgment day by the eyes of
 Deity?

“We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to
 build your pride,
 But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for
 whom Christ died.
 Now is your hour of pleasure, bask ye in the world's
 caress;
 But our whitening bones against ye will arise as wit-
 nesses,
 From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred, un-
 coffined masses,
 For the Angel of the Trumpet will know them as he
 passes.

A ghastly, spectral army before great God, we'll stand
And arraign ye as our murderers, O spoilers of our
land!"

—*Lady Wilde.*

The shrine of a nation's spirit is her national language. The national spirit cannot die out altogether as long as the language lives. A long and persistent effort to destroy the Irish language has met, thank God, at last its most serious check, though some fifty years ago it seemed to be almost completely successful. The first bann was placed upon the Irish language so long ago as the 14th century, when the Statute of Kilkenny forbade its use by the Norman Irish. The National School System, so called, aimed at its complete eradication, and with it of the national spirit and the Catholic faith, and would have been largely successful only for the determined opposition of a few far-seeing clerics and laymen. The following wail over the decay of the Irish language was written some fifty years ago by a young Irish priest, who, were he living today, would change his threnody into a paean of joy; for the Irish language and the Irish spirit are now very much alive.

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

'Tis fading, oh, 'tis fading, like leaves upon the trees!
In murmuring tone 'tis dying, like the wail upon the
breeze!

'Tis swiftly disappearing, as footprints on the shore
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's
waters roar—

Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the
 West,
 And Ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her
 breast!
 The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
 Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her
 fame—
 The sacred shrine where rested, thro' sunshine and
 thro' gloom,
 The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb;
 The time-wrought shell, where murmur'd, 'mid cen-
 turies of wrong,
 The secret voice of Freedom, in annals and in song—
 Is slowly, surely sinking, into silent death at last,
 To live but in the memories of those who love the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking like a patriarch to rest,
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a
 guest;
 Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
 Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of
 slain;
 Whose manhood saw the Druid rite at forest tree and
 rock—
 And savage tribes of Britain round the shrines of
 Zernebock;
 And for generations witnessed all the glories of the
 Gael,
 Since our Celtic sires sung war-songs round the sacred
 fires of Baal;
 The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among
 the dead,
 And from their graves have risen those now spoken in
 their stead.
 The glories of old Erin, with her liberty have gone,

Yet their halo linger'd round her, while the Gaelic
 speech liv'd on;
 For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
 Than all her pillar-towers, it stood—that old Tongue
 of the Past!

'Tis leaving, and forever, the soil that gave it birth,
 Soon, very soon, its moving tones shall ne'er be heard
 on earth,
 O'er the island dimly fading, as a circle o'er the wave—
 Receding, as its people lisp the language of the slave,
 And with it, too, seem fading as sunset into night
 The scattered rays of liberty that lingered in its light,
 For, ah, tho' long, with filial love, it clung to mother-
 land,
 And Irishmen were Irish still, in language, heart and
 hand;
 T' install its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
 And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name;
 The Saxon chain our rights and tongues alike doth
 hold in thrall,
 Save where amid the Connaught wilds and hills of
 Donegal—
 And by the shores of Munster, like the broad Atlantic
 blast,
 The olden language lingers yet and binds us to the
 Past.

Thro' cold neglect, 'tis dying now; a stranger on our
 shore!
 No Tara's hall re-echoes to its music, as of yore—
 No Lawrence fires the Celtic clans round leaguered
 Athaclee—
 No Shannon wafts from Limerick's towers their war-
 songs to the sea.

Ah! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so
soft and dear!

Ah! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to
the ear!

Ah! glorious Tongue, whose accents would each Celtic
heart enthrall!

Ah! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen
torrent's fall!

The Tongue that in the Senate was lightning, flashing
bright—

Whose echo in the battle was the thunder in its might!

That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured
loud the minstrel lay,

As chieftain, serf, or minstrel old is silent there today!

That Tongue, whose shout dismayed the foe at Kong
and Mullaghmast,

Like those who nobly perished there, is numbered with
the Past!

The Celtic Tongue is passing, and we stand coldly by—
Without a pang within the heart, a tear within the
eye—

Without one pulse for Freedom stirred, one effort
made to save

The language of our Fathers from dark oblivion's
grave!

Oh, Erin! vain your efforts—your prayers for Free-
dom's crown,

Whilst offered in the language of the foe that clove
it down;

Be sure that tyrants ever with an art from darkness
sprung,

Would make the conquered nation slaves alike in limb
and tongue.

Russia's great Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's
shatter'd frame,

Until he trampled from her heart the tongue that bore
her name!

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish still! stand for the dear old
tongue,

Which as ivy to a ruin, to your native land has clung!

Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck! the only and
the last,

And cherish in your heart of hearts, the language of
the Past!

—*Rev. M. Mullen.*

The immediate consequence of the great famine in Ireland was a tide of emigration, which, in a short time, reduced the population of Ireland one-half. Some of this emigration was to England and Scotland, but the great outflow was to the United States. What was Ireland's loss was this country's gain; for in every walk of life the Irish have made their mark and have won renown in the ranks of war, as well as in the pathways of peace. We can easily imagine the frequent effort of prosperous son or daughter to lure the lonely parent from the old homestead; and the answer so often given that the new land was for the young and the ambitious, but that the old and infirm were better suited to the quiet and prayerful ways of the old home.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

"Oh! come, my mother, come away, across the sea-
green water;

Oh, come with me, and come with him, the husband
of thy daughter;

Oh, come with us, and come with them, the sister and
the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy
daughter, mother.

“Oh, come, and leave this land of death—this isle of
desolation—
This speck upon the sun-bright face of God’s sublime
creation,
Since now o’er all our fatal stars the most malign hath
risen,
When Labour seeks the Poorhouse, and Innocence the
Prison.

“ ’Tis true, o’er all the sun-brown fields the husky
wheat is bending ;
’Tis true, God’s blessed hand at last a better time is
sending ;
’Tis true, the island’s aged face looks happier and
younger,
But in the best of days we’ve known the sickness and
the hunger.

“When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft
we’ve known the fever—
Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the be-
reaver ;
Too well remember many a time the mournful task that
brought him,
When freshness fanned the Summer air, and cooled
the glow of Autumn.

“But then the trial, though severe, still testified our
patience,
We bowed with mingled hope and fear to God’s wise
dispensations ;

We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise and a
warning,
Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the morn-
ing.

“But now through all the black expanse no hopeful
morning breaketh—
No bird of promise in our hearts, the gladsome song
awaketh;
No far-off gleams of good light up the hills of ex-
pectation—
Nought but the gloom that might precede the world’s
annihilation.

“So, mother, turn thine aged feet, and let our children
lead ’em
Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty and to
freedom;
Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past for-
giving;
Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the
living.

“They tell us, they who read and think of Ireland’s
ancient story,
How once its Emerald flag flung out a Sunburst’s fleet-
ing glory;
Oh! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds
that efface it,
Fly where the rising Stars of Heaven commingle to
replace it.

“So, come, my mother, come away, across the sea-
green water;
Oh, come with us, and come with him, the husband of
thy daughter;

Oh, come with us, and come with them, the sister and
the brother,
Who, prattling, climb thine aged knees, and call thy
daughter, mother!"

"Ah, go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration;
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful
expectation;
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the
expectant prairies;
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin
Mary's.

"But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee and
thine to sever,
To look upon these darling ones the last time and for-
ever;
Yet in this sad and dark, old land, by desolation
haunted,
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be trans-
planted.

"A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk
is dying—
They twine around the yet green grave where thy
father's bones are lying;
Ah! from that sad and sweet embrace, no soil on
earth can loose 'em,
Though golden harvests gleam on its breast, and golden
sands in its bosom.

"Others are twined around the stone, where ivy blos-
soms smother
The crumbling lines that trace thy names, my father
and my mother;

God's blessing be upon our souls—God grant, my
old heart prayeth,
Their names be written in the Book whose writing
ne'er decayeth.

“Alas! my prayers would never warm within those
great cold buildings,
Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles
and their gildings;
Far fitter than the proudest dome that would hang in
splendour o'er me,
Is the simple chapel's white-washed wall, where my
people knelt before me.

“No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are
going,
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and
honey flowing;
But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives
of His law remind me,
Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the land I'd
leave behind me?

“So leave me here, my children, with my old ways and
notions;
Leave me here in peace, with my memories and de-
votions;
Leave me in sight of your father's grave, and as the
heavens allied us,
Let not, since we were joined in life, even the grave
divide us.

“There's not a week but I can hear how you prosper
better and better,
For the mighty fireships o'er the sea will bring the ex-
pected letter;

And if I need aught for my simple wants, my food or
 my winter firing,
 Thou'lt gladly spare from thy growing store a little
 for my requiring.

"Remember, with a pitying love, the hapless land that
 bore you ;
 At every festal season be its gentle form before you ;
 When the Christmas candle is lighted, and the holly
 and ivy glisten,
 Let your eye look back for a vanished face—for a
 voice that is silent, listen !

"So go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration ;
 Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful
 expectation.
 Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the
 expectant prairies ;
 Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin
 Mary's."

—*D. F. McCarthy.*

The great factor in the preservation of Ireland's
 faith, after the grace of God was, of course, the Irish
 priest. Banned and hunted as the wolf, he was ever
 steadfast and faithful. He loved his suffering people
 with a father's love, and their love for him in turn
 and their faith in him knew no bounds. This is the
 note that runs all through the following verses, which
 have attracted the notice and approval of such critics
 as Jeffreys, the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The words "Soggarth Aroon" mean that the priest is the secret treasure of the Irish heart.

SOGGARTH AROON.

Am I the slave they say,
 Soggarth aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Ould Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Her commands to fulfill
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Yet be not slave to you,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Nor, out of fear to you—
 Stand up so near to you—
 Och, out of fear to you!
 Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,

Came to my cabin door,
 And, on my earthen-flure,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth aroon—
 And did both laugh and sing,
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon?
 And when my heart was dim,
 Gave while his eye did brim;
 What should I give to him,
 Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
 Soggarth aroon!
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth aroon;
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth aroon!

—*John Banim.*

Notwithstanding all the power of England for three hundred years and her wealth and wiles in the last century, the faith of Ireland is still as fresh and pure

as when the Irish received it from the lips of St. Patrick. The evangel of the sword and that of the bribe did, no doubt, influence from time to time a few timid or mercenary souls; but the great heart of the Irish people always beat true to God and His faith. This is the great glory of the Irish people and is put into beautiful words in the following poem:

THE OLD CHURCH AT LISMORE.

Old Church, thou still art Catholic!—e'en dream they
as they may
That the new rites and worship have swept the old
away;
There is no form of beauty raised by nature or by art
That preaches not God's saving truths to man's adoring
heart!

In vain they tore the altar down; in vain they flung
aside
The mournful emblem of the death which our sweet
Saviour died;
In vain they left no single trace of saint or angel here—
Still angel spirits haunt the ground, and to the soul
appear.

I marvel how, in scenes like these, so coldly they can
pray,
Nor hold sweet commune with the dead who once knelt
down as they;
Yet not as they, in sad mistrust or sceptic doubt—for,
oh,
They looked in hope to the blessed saints, these dead of
long ago.

And, then, the church yard, soft and calm, spread out
 beyond the scene,
 With sunshine warm and soothing shade and trees up-
 on its green;
 Ah! though their cruel Church forbid, are there no
 hearts will pray
 For the poor souls that trembling left that cold and
 speechless clay?

My God! I am a Catholic! I grew into the ways
 Of my dear Church since first my voice could lisp a
 word of praise;
 But oft I think, though my first youth were taught and
 trained awrong,
 I still had learnt the one true faith from nature and
 from song!

For still, whenever dear friends die, it is such joy to
 know
 They are not all beyond the care that healed their
 wounds below;
 That we can pray them into peace, and speed them to
 the shore
 Where clouds and cares and thorny griefs shall vex
 their hearts no more.

And the sweet saints, so meek below, so merciful
 above;
 And the pure angels, watching still with such untiring
 love.
 And the kind Virgin, Queen of Heaven, with all her
 mother's care,
 Who prays for earth, because she knows what break-
 ing hearts are there.

Oh, let us lose no single link that our dear Church has
 bound,
 To keep our hearts more close to heaven, on earth's un-
 genial ground;
 But trust in saint and martyr yet, and o'er their hal-
 lowed clay,
 Long after we have ceased to weep, kneel, faithful,
 down to pray.

So shall the land for us be still the Sainted Isle of
 old,
 Where hymn and incense rise to Heaven, and holy
 beads are told;
 And even the ground they tore from God, in years of
 crime and woe,
 Instinctive with His truth and love, shall breathe of
 long ago!

—*Ellen M. Downing.*

After the famine years in the middle of the last century an effort was made to win a tenant-right which should establish the Irish tenant on his farm and prevent him from eviction at the mere will of a landlord; and thereby to stop the emigration that was draining away the life-blood of a nation. The sentiment of the following ballad is as true now as it was then; and though in many ways conditions are better in Ireland in our day, they are not by any means satisfactory. It seems to me then that in view of the effort that is now making to stop the flow of emigration altogether, this ballad is peculiarly fitting to close this brief col-

lection of ballads relating to the chequered history of Ireland:

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall become of the ancient race,
The noble Keltic island race?
Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
When winter storms are loud and high,
Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
What shall become of the Keltic race?

What shall befall the ancient race—
The poor, unfriended, faithful race?
Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
The hawk and the owlet flap their wing;
The village homes, oh, who can trace—
God of our persecuted race!

What shall befall the ancient race?
Is treason's stigma on their face?
Be they cowards or traitors? Go—
Ask the shade of England's foe;
See the gems her crown that grace;
They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
With blood of Kelts, right bravely shed;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race,

And hell-born laws, with prison jaws;
And greedy Lords, with tiger maws,
Have swallowed—swallow still apace—
The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race?
They fly their father's burial place;
The proud lords with the heavy purse,
Their father's shame, their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face—
They dig a grave for the ancient race!

What shall befall the ancient race.
Shall all forsake their dear birth place
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep?
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O ancient race?

What shall befall the ancient race?
Light up one hope for the ancient race;
Oh, priest of God—Soggarth Aroon!
Lead but the way, we'll go full soon;
Is there a danger we will not face,
To keep old homes for the Irish race?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
They must not go, the ancient race!
Come, gallant Kelts, and take your stand—
And form a league to save the land;
The land of faith, the land of grace,
The land of Erin's ancient race!

They must not go, the ancient race!
They shall not go, the ancient race!

The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
From emerald vale to mountain hoar,
From altar high to market place—
“THEY SHALL NOT GO, the ancient race!”

—*Rev. M. F. Tormey.*

APPENDIX I.

The writers whose ballads appear in this collection are only a few of the great body of Irish poets who have made a name in this walk of literature. They are almost all of a past generation, but it is safe to say that no body of names stand higher as representatives of what Ireland has done in the region of ballad poetry. As long as the English language and literature shall last, so long shall their names be remembered as writers of thrilling verse.

Thomas Davis

Thomas Davis was born at Mallow, County Cork, in 1814; studied at Trinity College, Dublin; was called to the bar in 1838; helped to found *The Nation*, a newspaper; died of scarlet fever, 1845. He was the author of essays, poems and "A History of the Patriot Parliament of Ireland." He was the leader of the Young Ireland Party.

Sir Samuel Ferguson

Was born at Belfast, March 10, 1810; studied law and was called to the bar in 1838; gave up the practice of his profession in 1867, and became Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland. The author of much poetry and prose on Irish subjects, and always of fine quality. Died August 9, 1886.

James Clarence Mangan

This, perhaps the greatest of Irish poets, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803; he had great linguistic talent which he found means to cultivate and which helped him much in his literary career. He became the victim of hurtful habits and led a precarious and miserable life. He died in 1849. His poems and essays have been collected and published twice since his death. The "Anthologia Germanica" was his only work that appeared in collected form during his lifetime.

William Drennan

A United Irishman, born in Belfast, May 23, 1754; died February 5, 1820; the author of several notable pieces.

Thomas Moore

Thomas Moore, usually accounted the greatest of Ireland's poets, was born in Dublin, 1779; educated at a grammar school, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin. He early developed a talent for poetry. His best work is probably contained in his "Irish Melodies," though "Lalla Rookh" is longer and more ambitious. He was the author of many works in prose and poetry. He died in England, 1852.

John Banim

Born in Kilkenny, April 3, 1798; was a novelist rather than a poet, though he is known in both capacities. His "Soggarth Aroon" was much admired. He died in 1842.

John O'Hagan

One of the younger men of *The Nation* and a man who made his mark as lawyer and litterateur, was born at Newry, 1822; died in 1890. He wrote several spirited Irish ballads.

Lady Wilde

Perhaps better known by her pen name of "Speranza," was the wife of Sir William Wilde, a famous oculist and antiquarian. She was one of the most noted contributors to *The Nation* in its best days. Her maiden name was Jane Francisca Elgee.

Charles Gavan Duffy

Was born in Monaghan in 1816. He early developed a taste for literary work and became editor of a paper in Belfast. In conjunction with Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, he started *The Nation*, and was its first editor. After a wearisome trial of Irish politics he emigrated to Australia and ultimately became one of the greatest forces in the politics of Victoria. He has written several very interesting books bearing on the Irish history of his own day, and produced many fine ballads. He spent the last years of his life in Europe and died recently at a very advanced age.

Ellen Mary Downing

Was one of the women writers of *The Nation*. Her pen name was "Mary." She became an Ursuline nun and died January 27, 1869.

T. D'Arcy M'Gee

One of the most brilliant young Irishmen of his day. Poet, orator, historian; was born at Carlingford, Ireland, April 13, 1825; died the victim of an assassin in Ottawa, Canada, April 7, 1868.

D. F. McCarthy

Was born in Dublin in the year 1820, and died in 1882. He was a very pleasing writer of verse on Irish subjects, and also translated much from the Spanish.

Charles J. Kickham

Best known as a Fenian, and author of "Knocknagow," a novel descriptive of Irish life in Tipperary, also wrote some poems which have attracted attention.

Robert Dwyer Joyce

Was a physician and poet. His works are all concerned in some way with Ireland and her history. His best known poem, "Deirdre," is concerned with the fate of the children of Usnach. He spent many years of his life in Boston, Mass., but was born and died in Ireland. His death occurred October 23, 1883, in the fifty-third year of his age.

T. D. Sullivan

Irish editor and Member of Parliament; is still living. He is a very tuneful poet and has done good work for Ireland. His brother, A. M. Sullivan, was, perhaps, more widely known.

Aubrey De Vere

Was born in Limerick in 1814; educated at Trinity College. He became a Catholic early in life and his faith tinctures all his writings. He was a great friend of Thomas Carlyle and of the poet Wordsworth. He was one of the greatest poets of our day, but, like his model Wordsworth, he does not seem to be appreciated as he deserves. He died in 1902.

Edward Walsh

Was born in Londonderry, in 1805. He taught school on Spike Island at the convict station and afterwards in the Cork poorhouse. He was the author of many original and translated poems. He died August 6, 1850.

Rev. M. J. Tormey

Was a priest of the Diocese of Meath, and was distinguished as a theologian and orator as well as a poet. He was born in 1820 and died in 1893.

Carroll Malone

Was the pen name of James McBurney, who was born in County Down; emigrated to America and died there in 1892.

William Pembroke Mulchinock

Was born in Tralee, County Kerry; seems to have taken part in the rising of 1848, and afterwards emigrated to America.

APPENDIX II.

Short List of Books Bearing on Irish History :

HISTORY

| | |
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| History of Ireland | Martin Haverty |
| History of Ireland | Geoffry Keating |
| History of Ireland | McGeoghegan |
| History of Ireland | John Mitchell |
| History of Ireland | T. D. McGee |
| History of Ireland | Walpole |
| History of Ireland | Rev. E. A. D'Alton |
| History of Ireland | Joyce |
| History of Ireland | J. H. McCarthy |
| Story of Ireland | A. M. Sullivan |
| Story of Ireland | Emily Lawless |
| Social History of Ireland | Joyce |
| Ecclesiastical History of Ireland | Lanigan |
| Ecclesiastical History of Ireland | Brennan |
| Ecclesiastical History of Ireland | Malone |
| Ecclesiastical History of Ireland | Walsh |
| Confederation of Kilkenny | Rev. C. P. Meehan |
| The Flight of the Earls | Rev. C. P. Meehan |
| The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland... | Prendergast |
| Cromwell in Ireland | Rev. D. Murphy |
| Our Martyrs | Rev. D. Murphy |
| Irish History of the 18th Century..... | W. H. Lecky |
| The English in Ireland | J. A. Froude |
| The Patriot Parliament of Ireland..... | Thomas Davis |
| Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.... | Sir. J. Barrington |

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| Early Christian Art in Ireland..... | Stokes |
| The Ancient Irish Church | Salmon |
| The Monks of the West | Montalembert |
| Ireland Under English Rule | Perraud |
| Persecution of Irish Catholics | Moran |
| Compendium of Irish Biography | Webb |
| Sufferings for the Catholic Faith in Ireland | M. O'Reilly |
| A Literary History of Ireland..... | Douglas Hyde |
| Irish Schools and Scholars..... | Archbishop Healy |
| Annals, Anecdotes and Traditions of the Irish Par- | |
| liaments | O'Flannigan |
| Irish Brigade in the Service of France.. | O'Callaghan |
| Ireland and Her Agitators | O'Neill Daunt |
| Ireland Under English Rule | Emmet |
| The Volunteers | McNevin |
| Young Ireland | C. Gavan Duffy |
| New Ireland | A. M. Sullivan |
| Ireland Since the Union | J. H. McCarthy |
| The History of Our Own Times.... | Justin McCarthy |
| Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation..... | Barrington |
| Sketches of His Own Times | Barrington |
| The Sham Squire | Fitzpatrick |
| The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps).. | J. Mitchell |
| The Parnell Movement | T. P. O'Connor |
| The Life of St. Patrick | Archbishop Healy |
| The Life of St. Patrick | Morris |
| The Life of St. Patrick | Kinane |
| The Life of St. Patrick | Fleming |
| The Life of St. Patrick | Cusack |
| Lives of Irish Saints | O'Hanlon |

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| Lives of United Irishmen..... | Robert R. Madden |
| The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald..... | T. Moore |
| Life of O'Connell | Luby |
| Life of O'Connell | Cusack |
| Life of John Mitchell | William Dillon |
| Life of Thomas Davis | C. G. Duffy |
| Life of Hugh O'Neill | John Mitchell |
| Life of Owen Roe | J. F. Taylor |
| The Irish Nation | Thomas Wills, D. D. |
| The Story of an Irishman | J. McCarthy |
| My Recollections | William O'Brien |
| Catholicity and Progress in Ireland | O'Riordan |
| Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural | Coyne |
| Irish Race in the Past and Present..... | Thebaud |
| Leaders of Public Opinion..... | Lecky |

POETRY.

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| Legends of St. Patrick | De Vere |
| Innisfail | De Vere |
| The Foray of Queen Meave | De Vere |
| Deirdre | R. D. Joyce |
| Ballad Poetry of Ireland | Hayes |
| Ballad Poetry of Ireland | C. G. Duffy |
| Ballad Poetry of Ireland | D. F. McCarthy |
| The New Spirit of the Nation | McDermott |
| The Poetry and Song of Ireland*.... | J. Boyle O'Reilly |
| A Treasury of Irish Poetry | Brooke & Rolleston |
| The Four Winds of Eirinn | Ethna Carbery |
| The Three Sorrows of Story Telling.. | Douglas Hyde |

* Contains the chief poems of many Irish poets, including Moore, Davis, Ferguson, McCarthy, Mangan and M'Gee.

FICTION.

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| The Invasion | Gerald Griffin |
| The Colleen Bawn | Gerald Griffin |
| Tales of a Jury Room | Gerald Griffin |
| Castle Rackrent | Maria Edgeworth |
| The Boyne Water | Banim |
| Father Connell | Banim |
| The White Horse of the Peppers | Banim |
| The Confederate Chieftains | Sadlier |
| The Chances of War | Findlay |
| Marcella Grace | Rosa Mulholland |
| The Wild Birds of Killeevy..... | Rosa Mulholland |
| Knocknagow | C. J. Kickham |
| Hurrish | Emily Lawless |
| The Two Chiefs of Dunboy..... | J. A. Froude |
| In the Celtic Past | Ethna Carbery |
| Old Celtic Romances | W. P. Joyce |
| Castle Daly | Keary |
| When We Were Boys | W. O'Brien |
| A Queen of Men | W. O'Brien |
| Lord Edward Fitzgerald..... | M. McD. Bodkin |
| Gods and Fighting Men | Lady Gregory |
| Cuchullain of Murthemne | Lady Gregory |
| Poets and Dreamers | Lady Gregory |
| Wild Irish Girl | Lady Morgan |
| Florence McCarthy | Lady Morgan |
| Mononia | Justin McCarthy |
| The Wizard's Knot | W. Barry |
| My New Curate | Rev. P. Sheehan |
| Luke Delmege | Rev P. Sheehan |

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| Glenanaar | Rev. P. Sheehan |
| Geoffrey Austin, Student | Rev. P. Sheehan |
| Triumph of Failure | Rev. P. Sheehan |
| Valentine McCluschy | William Carleton |
| The Poor Scholar | William Carleton |
| The Hibernian Nights' Entertainment..... | Ferguson |

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